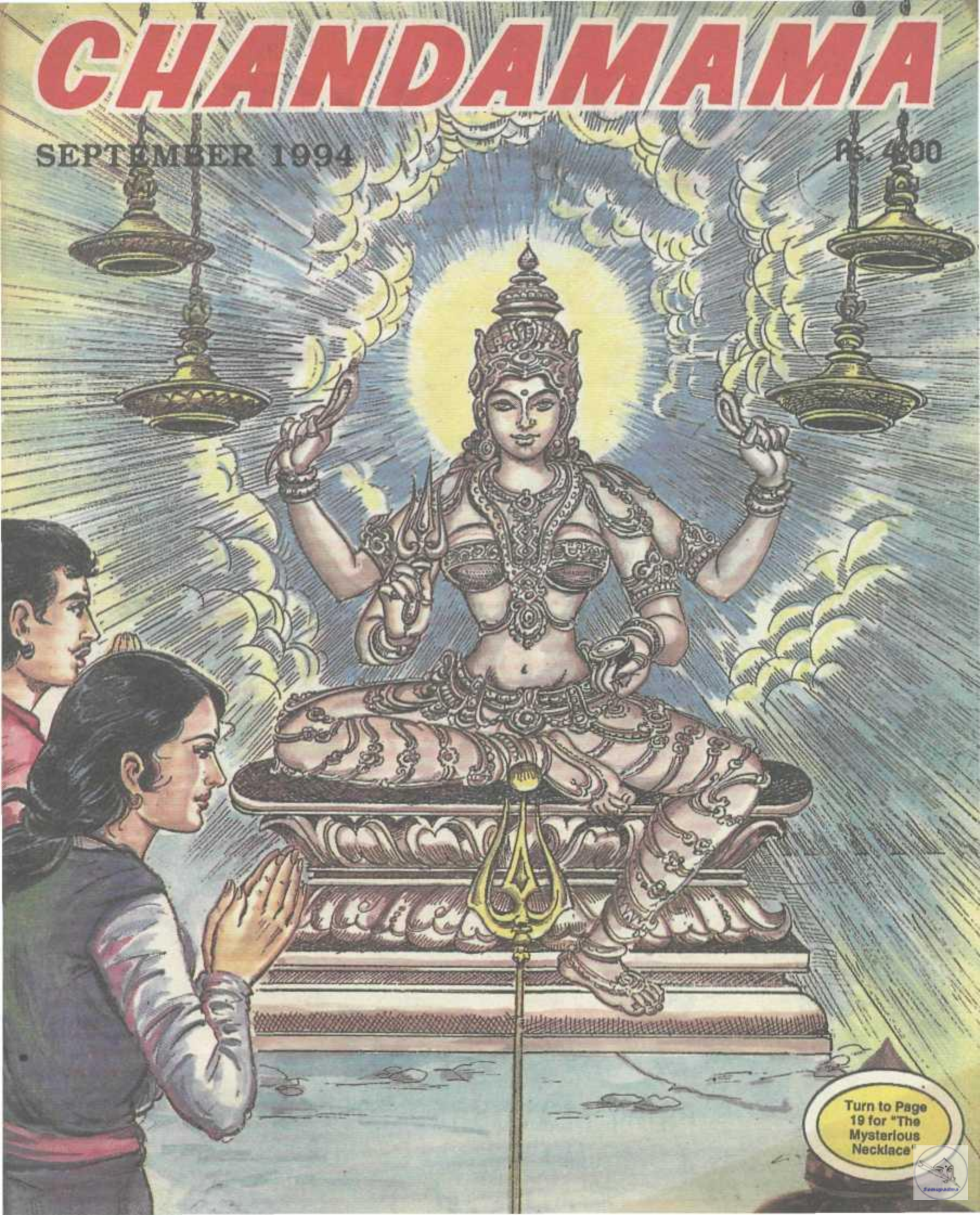


CHANDAMAMA

SEPTEMBER 1994

Rs. 4000



Turn to Page
19 for "The
Mysterious
Necklace"



THE UNBEATABLE ONE



NEW

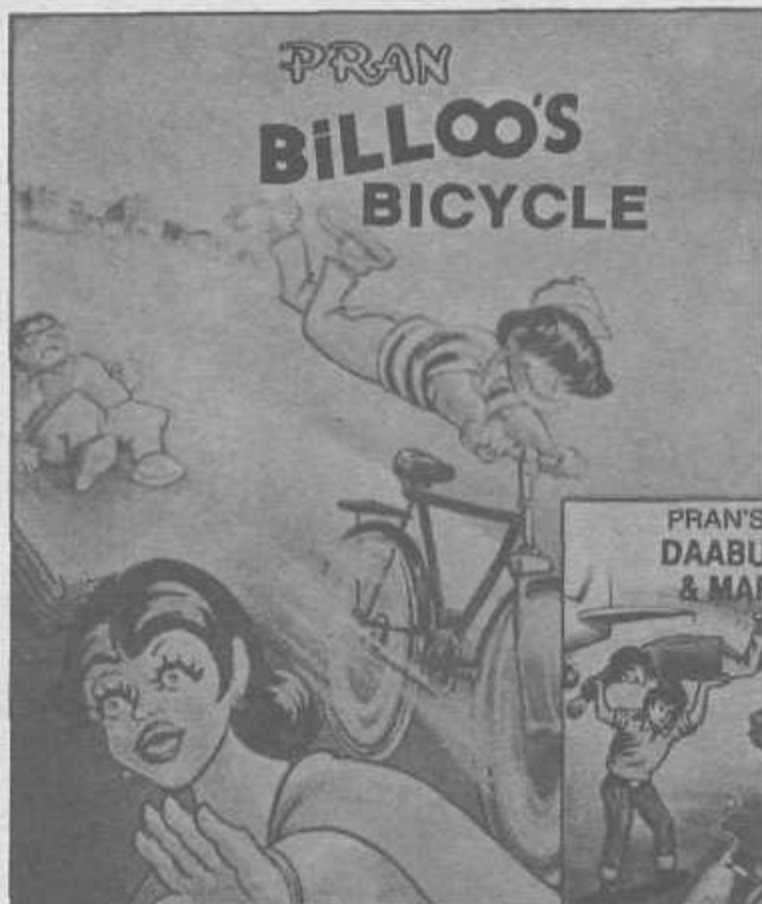
big chief

FRUIT FLAVOURED TOFFEE
BANANA ♦ MANGO ♦ ORANGE

PARLE

ev010st/94/PP/72





INDIA'S

LARGEST SELLING COMICS

DIAMOND COMICS



JOIN THE DIAMOND BOOK CLUB

AND FILL YOUR LIFE WITH FUN, THRILL & LAUGHTER

Just fill in the coupon given below and send it to us along with a Money Order or Postage Stamps worth Rs. 10/-

We shall be offering five books every month. To get a rebate of Rs. 4/- and Free postage (approx. Rs. 7/-) you'll have to order all the five to six books at a time in a month. In case these books are not of your choice then you are free to select any six books from the list of 'Diamond Comics' titles and we shall send you the same. But to get these benefits you'll have to order six books at a time.

We'll send you a Choice Card every month. If you like the books offered by us in the Choice Card then you need not send us the card back. In case you do not like the books then you send us the names of atleast 7 books of your choice so that we can send you 5 books of your choice available with us at that time.

Under this scheme, we shall be sending you a V.P. Packet by the 20th of every month.

Yes I would like to become a member of 'DIAMOND BOOK CLUB' and take advantage of the benefits. I have read all your rules and shall abide by these. I promise to accept the V.P. every month.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

POST OFFICE _____ PIN CODE _____

I am sending Rs. 10/- by M.O./enclosing Postage Stamps worth Rs. 10/-

My Birth date _____


Note: We shall not enrol you as a member till we receive the membership fee.



DIAMOND COMICS MAGIC FUN BOX

PAY Rs. 60/- INSTEAD OF Rs. 120/-

• 5 Multi Dimensional Comics Worth Rs. 30/- • 10 Diamond Comics Worth Rs. 30/- Total Worth Rs. 120/-
• 1 Lunch Box Worth Rs. 20/- • Lot of Gifts Worth Rs. 40/-

 DIAMOND COMICS PVT. LTD. 2715, DARYA GANJ, NEW DELHI-110002



Say "Hello" to text books and friends
'Cause School days are here again
Have a great year and all the best
From Wobbit, Coon and the rest!





It's time to go back to school again. Time for text
books. Time for games. Time to meet old friends.
And make new ones. Time to start studying
again. Because there's so much to learn about
the world around you.

From all of us here at Chandamama, have a
great year in school. And remember to tell us
what you've learnt everyday, when you
come home from school !



H A N D A M A M A
O L L E C T I O N

Back again...

For your precious little girl.



Raj Lakshmi

UNIT PLAN

For her better tomorrow

FEATURES:

- An open-ended Plan.
- Minimum investment of Rs 1500 and in multiples of Rs 500 thereafter. No upper limit.
- Any individual, state govt., central govt., trust, society, corporate body can invest for a girl child up to 5 years of age.
- Investment of Rs 1500 made at birth of child may become Rs 21,000 in 20 years. Quantum of growth depends on age at entry.
- Date of maturity will be calculated from the date of acceptance of the application.
- Bonus, if declared periodically, will be payable on maturity.

All investments in mutual funds and securities are subject to market risks and the NAV of schemes may go up or down depending upon the factors and forces affecting securities market. Raj Lakshmi is only the name of the scheme and does not in any manner indicate either the quality of the scheme, its future prospects or returns. Please read the offer document before investing.

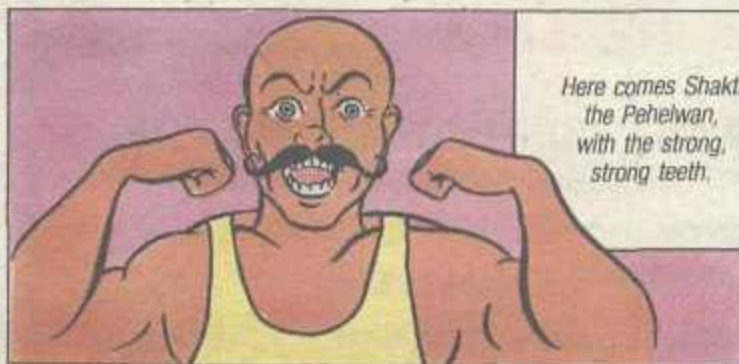


**UNIT TRUST
OF INDIA**

Zonal Office: 29, Rajaji Salai, Madras 600 001. Ph: 517101. **Branch Offices:** • Bangalore. Ph: 2263739
• Cochin. Ph: 362354 • Coimbatore. Ph: 214973 • Hubli. Ph: 63963 • Hyderabad. Ph: 511095
• Madras. Ph: 517101, 517190 • Madurai. Ph: 38188 • Thiruvananthapuram. Ph: 331415
• Trichur. Ph: 331259 • Trichy. Ph: 27060 • Vijayawada. Ph: 74434 • Visakhapatnam. Ph: 550275.



The Adventures of Tina, the Calcium Kid. "Circus Feats"



Exciting Free Gifts!!

Hey friends, rush us the flap of a 200 gm Parle Prudent Calcium⁺⁺ pack (the side with the teeth drawings), with your name, birthdate, school and class, to: Parle Products Ltd., Nirlon House, Worli, Bombay-400 025.



CHANDAMAMA

IN THIS ISSUE

Vol. 25 SEPTEMBER 1994 No. 3

Stories

The Mysterious Necklace - 5 Page 19
Practical Lesson Page 27
Remembrancer Page 32
Two Trees Atop The Hill Page 37
Veer Hanuman-48 Page 43
The Crystal Ball Page 51
The Princess's Choice Page 57
Criterion Page 61

Picture Stories :

Panchatantra-45 Page 14
A Collection That Led To 'Selection'! Page 64

Features :

Another Step To Peace In West Asia Page 10
Supplement-71 Page 33
World Of Nature Page 42
The Solar System Page 50
Children In The News Page 58
Sports Snippets Page 62

And News Flash, Let Us Know And More!

NEXT ISSUE

Vol. 25 OCTOBER 1994 No. 4

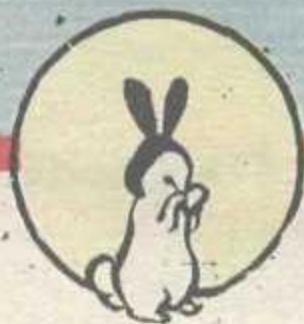
ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES : Some 800 years before Christ lived the great Greek poet, Homer, who wrote two epics, *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. While the former describes the siege of Troy, the other is about the adventures of Ulysses on his way back from Troy. The story begins with Eris, the goddess of Discord, who goes to the wedding of goddess Thetis and Pelleus, uninvited, and leaves on the dining table a golden apple, carrying a simple message : "For the most beautiful". There are more than one claimant - Venus, Athene, Hera. King Zeus decides that the handsome shepherd, Paris, will pick up the one who is most beautiful. One of the greatest stories ever told thus unwinds for you in a long serial.

STORIES FROM THE MAHABHARATA: It is said, what is *not* there in the *Mahabharata* is not there in Bharata (the name by which India was known long, long ago). Thus it is a treasure-house of stories. Like Ulysses, this epic will captivate you and it will try your patience while you wait for each story.

PLUS all your favourite features, including the evergreen **PANCHATANTRA** in comics form, and....

Printed by B.V. REDDI at Prasad Process Private Ltd, 188 N.S.K. Salai, Madras 600 026 (India) and published by B. VISWANATHA REDDI on behalf of CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS, Chandamama Buildings, Vadapalani, Madras 600 026 (India). The Stories, articles and designs contained herein are the exclusive property of the publishers and copying or adapting them in any manner will be dealt with according to law.





Controlling Editor :
NAGI REDDI

Founder :
CHAKRAPANI

Health for all - through schools

"Health is wealth". This is now more than a proverb. Health of an individual was once a personal matter. But of late, it has become the concern of the nation he or she belongs to. A healthy person can be an asset not only to his family, but to the community he lives in. As a result of measures taken by every country, there has been an increase in the life span. Death rate has come down, and more and more people live beyond their seventies and eighties.

This does not mean that people do not contract diseases or fall ill. A majority of the causes for diseases are external; they do not originate from the individual. Some of these causes are contamination in water used for drinking and pollution carried through the air one breathes. Besides all this is, neglect of personal hygiene.

In the matter of personal hygiene, schools and teachers play an important role. As children spend a large number of hours of their wakeful time in schools, it is the responsibility of teachers to tell them of the significance of and need to keep themselves clean, tidy, and neat. Schools need not stop with insisting on the children covering their text-books and note-books and sticking on them attractively made or printed labels. They can go a step further by instructing them on the basics of hygiene and supervising on a day-to-day basis whether the children have followed the instructions.

An extension of this exercise will be to involve teachers and students in community health education. Children are potential educators and they can be prompted to carry the message of health for all to their parents and, through them, to the community.

"Children are the wealth of a nation" goes the popular saying. Their potential awaits tapping and proper, profitable utilization.

Another step to peace in West Asia



On August 3, a Jordanian plane flew over the neighbouring country of Israel. Nothing unusual about it, you might say. It was piloted by the King of Jordan, Hussein Ibn Talal. The plane had his insignia - a crown - on the tail wing. But, then, that is only proper, a king's prerogative—you might also add. The extraordinary thing about it was, though a king, he would not have thus flown over Israel before July 25. On that day, he and the Prime Minister of Israel, Mr. Yitzhak Rabin, signed a historic accord. Witness to this summit—they were appearing together in public for the first ever time—was the Rose Garden in the White House in Washington. Its occupant, U.S. President Bill Clinton, signed as witness to what he himself described as the 'Washington Declaration'.

It was the second such ceremony taking place in the Rose Garden. Ten months ago, on September 13, Mr. Rabin had signed a peace treaty with the leader of the Palestine Liberation Organisation, Mr. Yasser Arafat (see **Chandamama**, October 1993). After the signing ceremony, which was also presided over by Mr. Bill Clinton, the two leaders shook hands with each other, marking the end of enmity that had lasted nearly four decades. West Asia was then set on the path to peace.

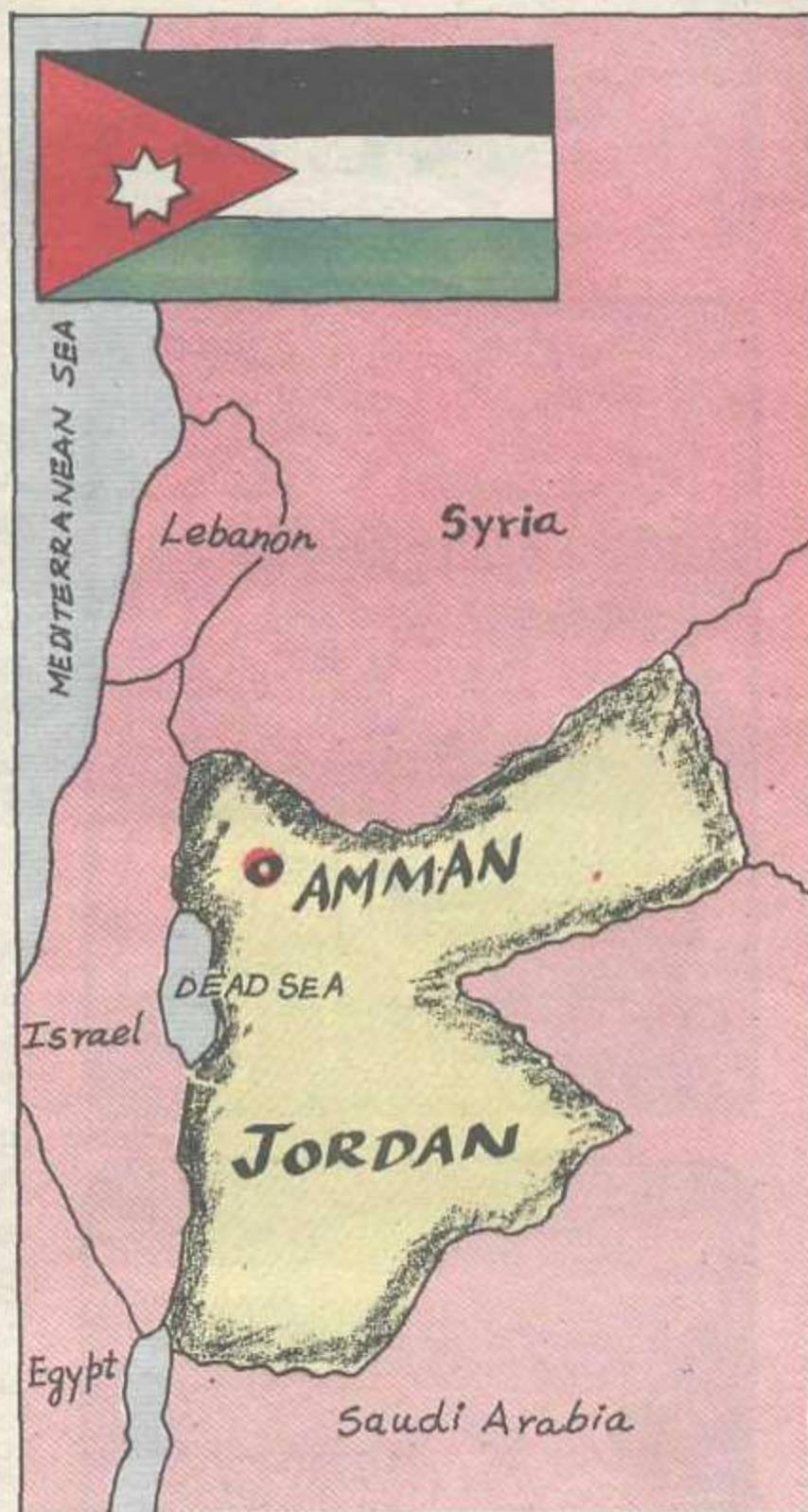
After signing the 'Washington Declaration', King Hussein and Mr. Rabin also shook hands, ending the state of war between the two countries since 1948. Proof of this came when an Israeli fighter aircraft escorted the king's plane as soon as it crossed into Israel and circled over capital Tel Aviv and the holy city of Jerusalem, which was once in the possession of Jordan. The king's plane was the first Jordanian aircraft to enter Israeli airspace. Like the Washington summit, it was an equally memorable event.

It will be interesting to recall the happenings that led to the two enemies forgetting their differences and trying to befriend each other. We have to go back in history for 6,000 years! A river called Jordan gave birth to a fertile valley where existed prosperous settlements 4,000 years before Christ. The area now known as Jordan came under the Roman empire by 64 B.C. and passed on to the control of Arabs in the 7th century A.D. In the first Crusade (1096-99), the region was captured by the

Christians of Europe. In the 16th century, it went into the hands of the Turks, and was part of the Ottoman empire till the First World War (1914-18). Arabs seeking independence rebelled against the Turkish rulers. A state called Transjordan was created, though its control was given to Britain, as British troops had helped the Arabs in their struggle for independence. In 1946, after nearly 30 years of British administration, Transjordan received full independence, and became a constitutional monarchy, with the Hashemite Abdullah crowned as king. The name was changed to the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan in 1949. When King Hussein ascended the throne in 1953, he was only 17. He is the Arab world's longest serving head of state.

Soon after the formation of the state of Israel, there were conflicts with the Arabs. The much feared Arab Legion of Jordan overran the West Bank, then under Israeli occupation. Some 20 years later, Israel recaptured the territory in what came to be called the Six Day War of 1967. In 1988, King Hussein ceased administering West Bank as part of Jordan, and passed on that responsibility to the Palestinians. This paved the way for the Palestine Liberation Organisation to declare an independent Palestine state.

Both Jordan and Israel have now agreed to end their 46-year-old enmity and work towards everlasting peace. Almost the same time as King Hussein was flying over Israel, jubilant people from both sides were making an opening on the barbed wire fence that separated Israel and Jordan. Prime Minister Rabin radioed a message to the king, welcoming him to Israel, and he responded by saying, "Shalom!" which, in the Hebrew language, means Peace.



NEWS FLASH



Royal remorse

The circus had come to town in Kuwait last May. One evening, the show started. After a few items, Cezar the lion was brought to the ring. Trainer Elena Tipa was already inside. One of the acts was a jump. While executing it, the animal fell down. The audience did not clap, as they had done after the earlier acts. Did Cezar feel ashamed of himself? Suddenly, he turned against the trainer and bit her in the neck. Elena died instantly. The lion lay down in the ring beside her body, and would not budge for some time. Later, he allowed himself to be caged, but refused any food, even water. Two weeks later Cezar died. "May be, he felt guilty," commented the Circus Manager, Cezar Tipa. "We can make them perform, but we know very little about animal psychology!" he confessed.



Crocodile revenge

Robert Minahan is a chef at the tourist resort in Kakadu National Park in Australia. The Park is famous for its crocodile section which attracts flocks of tourists. Some of the delicacies they taste at the resort are exotic recipes from crocodiles - no, not of the Park, but from a nearby Crocodile farm. "The Crocodile dishes are very popular" says 21-year-old Minahan. The other day, he was almost eaten in raw by a crocodile! He had gone for a swim in a nearby river when a

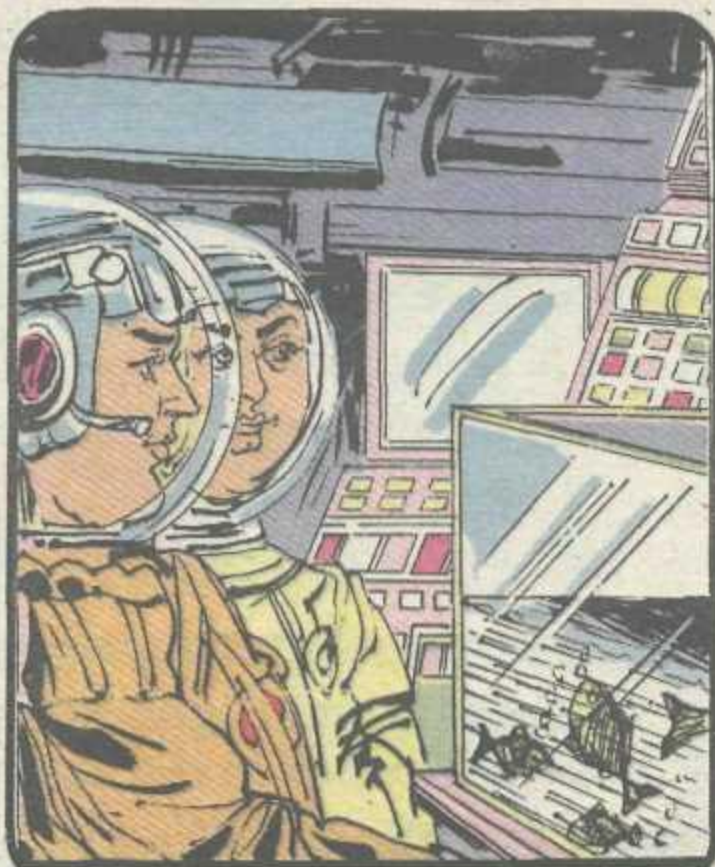
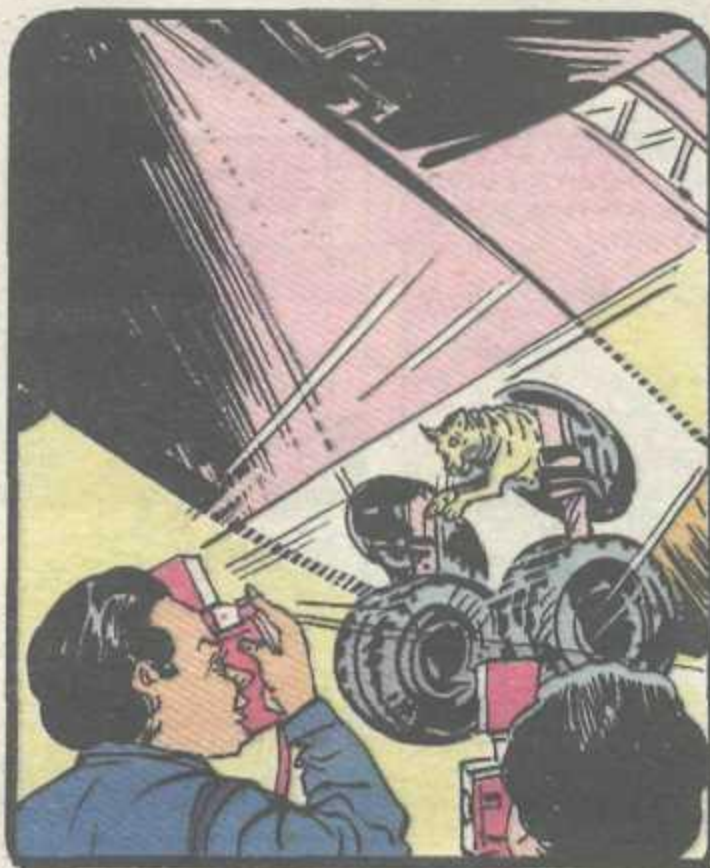
crocodile caught him, clamped his hand in its jaws, and snapped at his feet, arms, and shoulders. His friend helped him to swim, with the crocodile, to a rock in the middle of the river. The reptile released him there. Fortunately for him, he could safely swim ashore after taking a good luck at the injuries all over the body. A case of crocodile revenge?

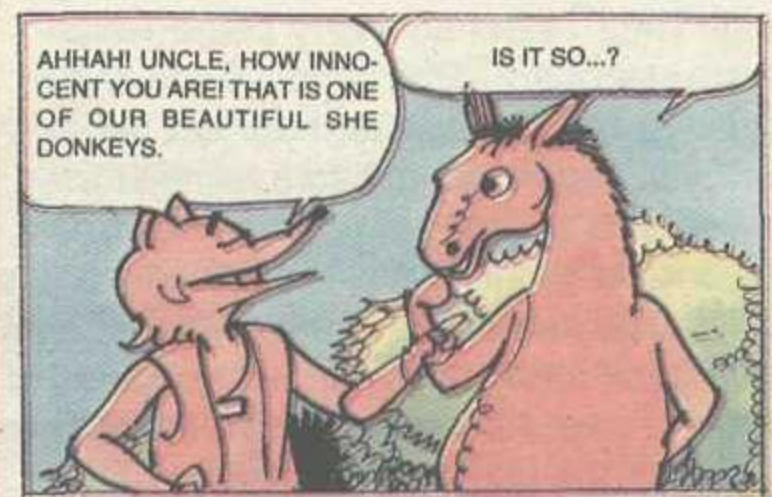
A feline on flight

They searched for her for nine hours at the Kennedy International Airport, New York. Three-year-old Tabitha was missing. They searched every plane which were stationary at the airport. Then, they radioed the planes that had just taken off.. no, none of them had a feline stow-away. The doubts zeroed in on a plane belonging to Tower Air. They waited for the plane to come back. It returned after 12 days. The authorities of the plane at first refused to allow a search. By then, news had gone round and there were scores of reporters and "lensmen" at the tarmac. When Tower Air relented and a search was made, there was Tabitha safely tucked beneath the plane's cargo deck, frightened and hungry. She blinked at the flashlights falling on her. She hogged all the limelight from her owner, up-and-coming actress Carol Ann Timmel. A cat is said to have nine lives. The question asked is : How many did Tabitha lose in 12 days when she criss-crossed the U.S.A. in the belly of a 747 jumbo jet?

Nothing fishy, real!

Space shuttle Columbia that went into orbit mid-July carried an aquarium for the first ever time. When it returned to earth, the fish population had gone up by two – a red bellied newt and a Japanese medaka, both of which were born in space.





AND THE FOOLISH DONKEY FOLLOWED THE JACKAL AGAIN TO HIS DEATH TRAP.



Whoever is timid, ignorant, unsociable, and niggardly is miserably weak in the estimation of his foes.

– Thirukkural

BALIVARDHA CONCLUDES THE STORY THUS...



SO HE DID NOT PROFIT BY HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE AND WAS KILLED BY THE LION.

I'M NOT LAMBAKARNA THE DONKEY TO TRUST A TRAITOR A SECOND TIME.



BUT YOU MADE A MISTAKE IN TELLING ME THE TRUTH, LIKE SAMARADHEERA.



WHO'S HE?



HE WAS A POTTER. HE LIVED IN YONDER VILLAGE.

ONE DAY, AS HE WAS CARRYING POTS...



.... HE FELL DOWN AND WAS INJURED



MY GOD! WHAT A HORRIBLE SCAR!



AFTER SOME DAYS... HE LEFT HIS VILLAGE AND WENT TO A DISTANT LAND WHERE HE JOINED THE KING'S ARMY.

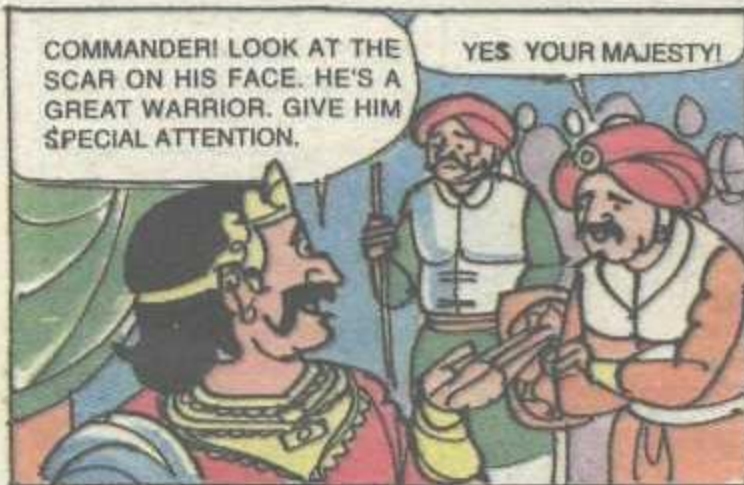


ONE DAY, THE KING NOTICED THE POTTER.

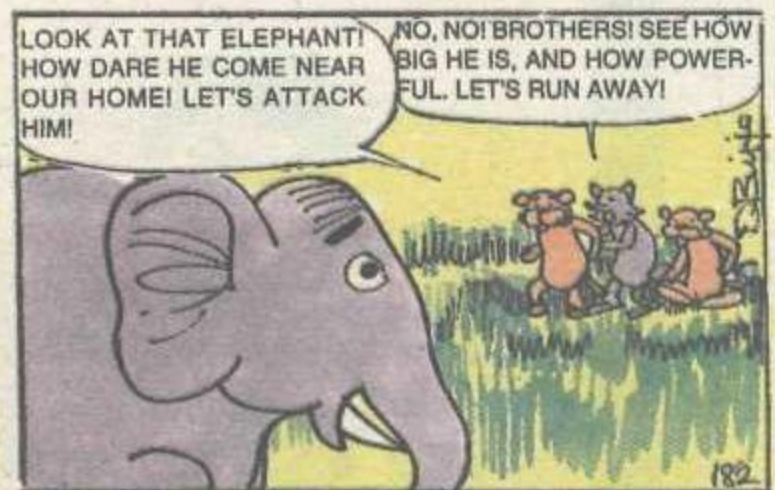


WHO'S THIS WARRIOR? HE MUST BE A GREAT FIGHTER TO HAVE RECEIVED SUCH A WOUND ON HIS FACE IN BATTLE.

Those who live by manual labour will never beg; they will give something to those who beg.



No terrifying calamity will happen to the wise who foresee and guard themselves against coming evils.

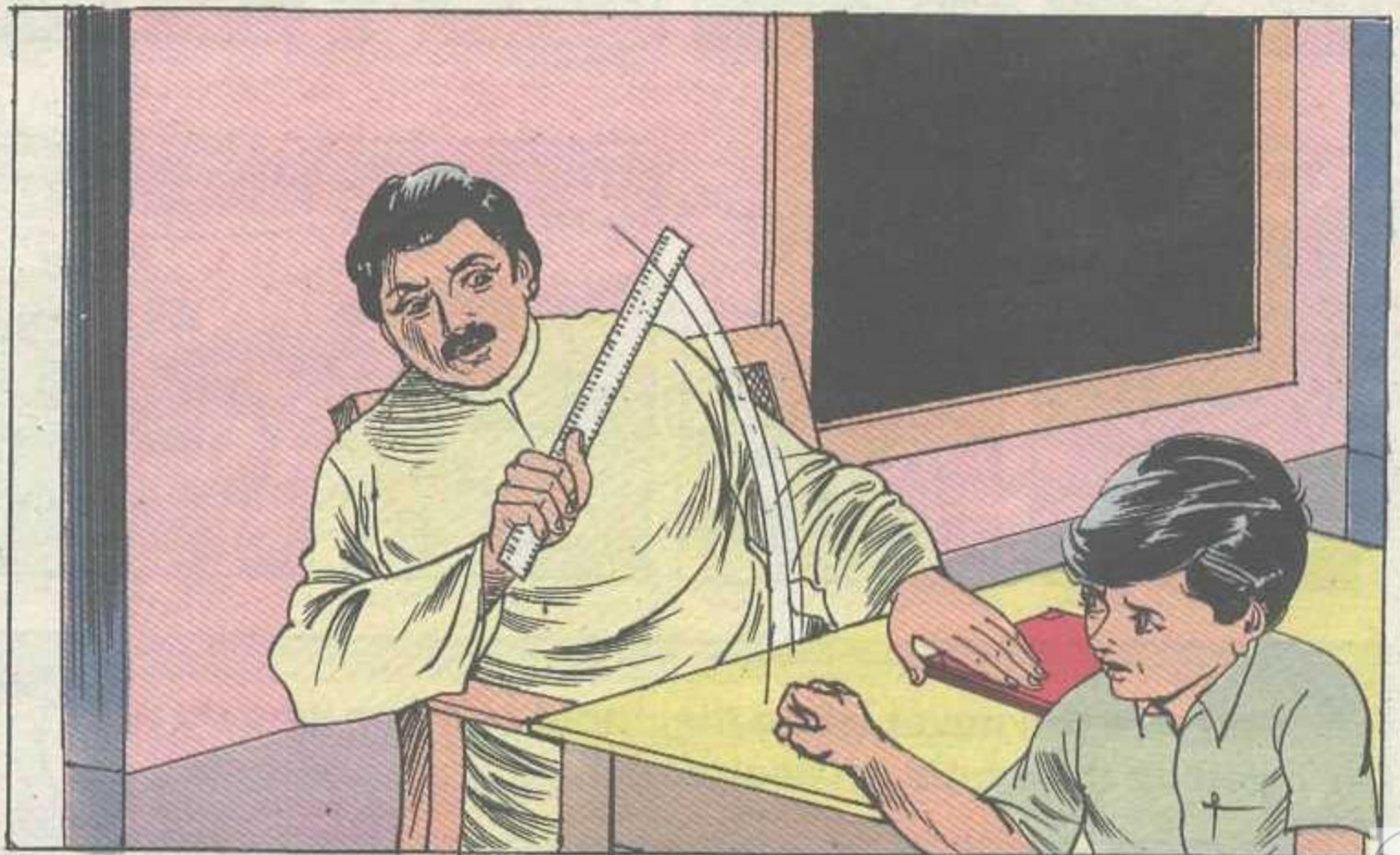


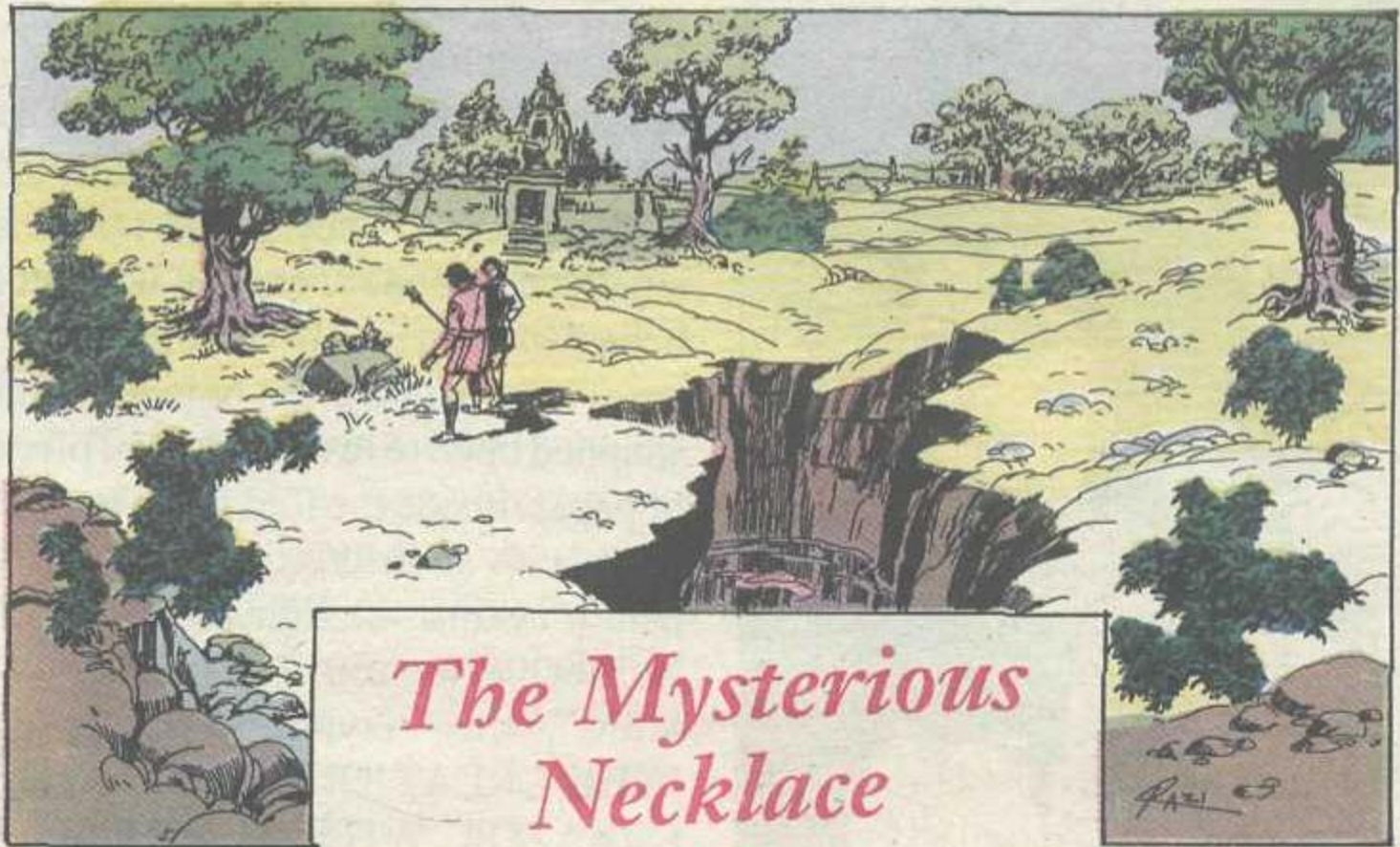
Sorrows will never let go their hold of those who do not give up their hold on desire.

No physical pain meant !

Reader Chittaranjan Sarangi, of Kendrapara, wants to know what is meant by "a rap on the knuckles". When you receive a warning or you are criticised about something you have done, you are supposed to have received a rap *on* the knuckles or a rap *over* the knuckles. Physically, a rap on the knuckles can be very painful. That is why when such a warning is given, you are not actually rapped on the knuckles; and you should consider yourself lucky! But when you are punished for something, even if you are *not* at fault, you are said to "take the rap", though you are really not to be blamed.

What is the difference between *decline*, *deny*, *refuse*, and *reject*? asks Kaustubh Pethe, of Bombay. When you refuse to accept something with politeness, it has to be taken that you have *declined* (an offer, invitation, request). If you choose not to accept something you don't like (a cigarette?) that is offered to you, you can be said to have *refused* it. There is firmness about it, no occasion for any reconsideration. When you *reject* something, you do so because it is not perfect, not up to your expectation. And when you *deny* something, you do so because it has nothing to do with you, or it is not true. These days we often come across people in authority denying statements purported to have been made by them.





The Mysterious Necklace (5)

(After completing his education at the gurukula, Prince Keertivarma of Kosala starts for the capital. As directed by his father, King Sushena, his adviser Jayasena's daughter, Keertisena, goes to the forest to detain the prince in the dilapidated Shakti temple. She reaches him in time to save him from the soldiers of the enemy kingdoms of Kambhoj, Nagapura, and Chakradesa, who have been sent to abduct him. The prince recognises his childhood friend, who hands him the cryptic message about the pearl necklace. Together they set about unravelling it and search for the necklace.)

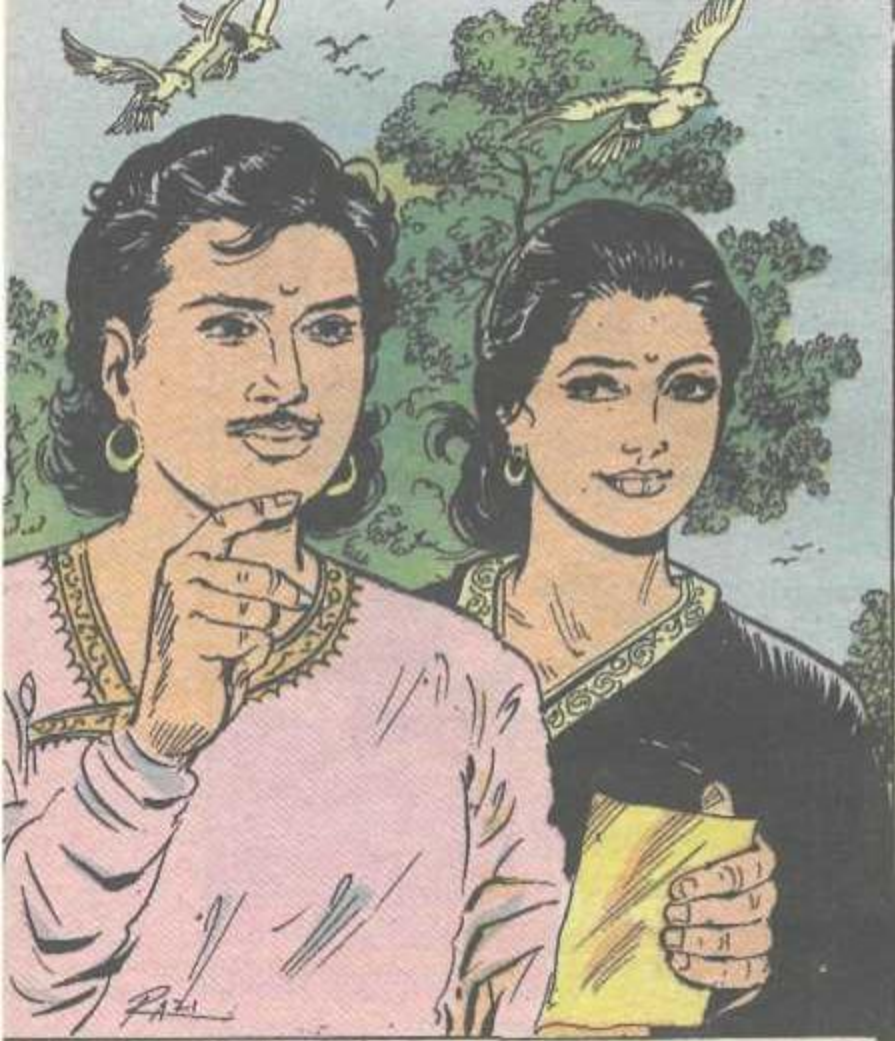
Prince Keertivarma and Keertisena made a thorough search of the dilapidated temple for some implement with which they could dig the place. They came upon a trident, rusted all over. However, they found it strong enough for the purpose. They wondered where exactly they would start digging. If they dug in front of the *bilwa* tree, they might only find its

spreading roots. To avoid these roots, how far should they go?

Keertivarma went up to the northern side of the tree and measured three steps. As he took another step, he felt he had stepped on a granite slab, square in shape. Most of the slabs inside and outside the temple were oblong, so a square slab was unusual. "Keertisena!" he called out to her, as

WHO'S THE BETTER HALF?





she had moved away in search of a possible place to dig. "I think I've discovered the right place!" he added excitedly.

As soon as she joined him, the two succeeded in shifting the stone slab from its position with the help of the trident. They then started digging at the place. They had to strain hard to reach a considerable depth when they heard the trident hitting against something metallic. They removed the earth from all sides and saw an iron box embedded in the ground below. The box, too, was in a rusted state. They pulled it out and wiped the sides clean with the dry leaves lying around.

Luckily there was no lock on it. They opened it carefully and cautiously. The hinges creaked before the lid came off in their hands. They found inside a smaller box made of copper. It had not been damaged much. But they had to press it from two sides before the lid snapped open to reveal a folded piece of paper. Inside the fold was a copper sheet with an inscription on it. They held it against the light to read what had been written on it. There were just a few words - cryptic words, again: "THE CREATION IS WITH THE CREATOR. WITH THE BETTER HALF."

Both Keertivarma and Keertisena repeated the words a few times, trying to figure out what they meant. "Now that we know the words by heart, let's not take the copper sheet with us," said the prince, "lest we're attacked and it falls into enemy hands."

"What then shall we do with it?" asked Keertisena innocently. "Bury it?"

"Yes. Exactly as we had found it!" said Keertivarma. He put it back into the folds of the paper, left the paper in the copper box, and put back the box in the bigger iron box. They placed the lid back in its position and lowered the box into the pit they had dug. They filled it with the earth lying around and



also managed to place the square slab above the pit. They collected enough dry leaves to cover the place so that no one would suspect that some digging had been carried out there.

By now it was quite dark. The two spent sometime near the *bilwa* tree and saw the moon rising slowly on the horizon and spreading its light everywhere. As there was no point in getting back into the temple, they stood facing where they thought the idol of Shakti would be. "O Divine Mother! By your grace, we've achieved our mission here." A prayer rose from both of them. "We're not disappointed that we could not get at the pearl necklace, but you have given us some clue as to where we can find it. Now be gracious enough to help us unravel the clue!"

Before they could open their eyes, there was a flash of light illuminating the entire temple, and they could now see the idol very well. The nosescREW on the idol shone brilliantly. They thought the idol had put on a benign smile. Keertivarma and Keertisena prostrated before Devi Shakti and they stood up with folded hands.

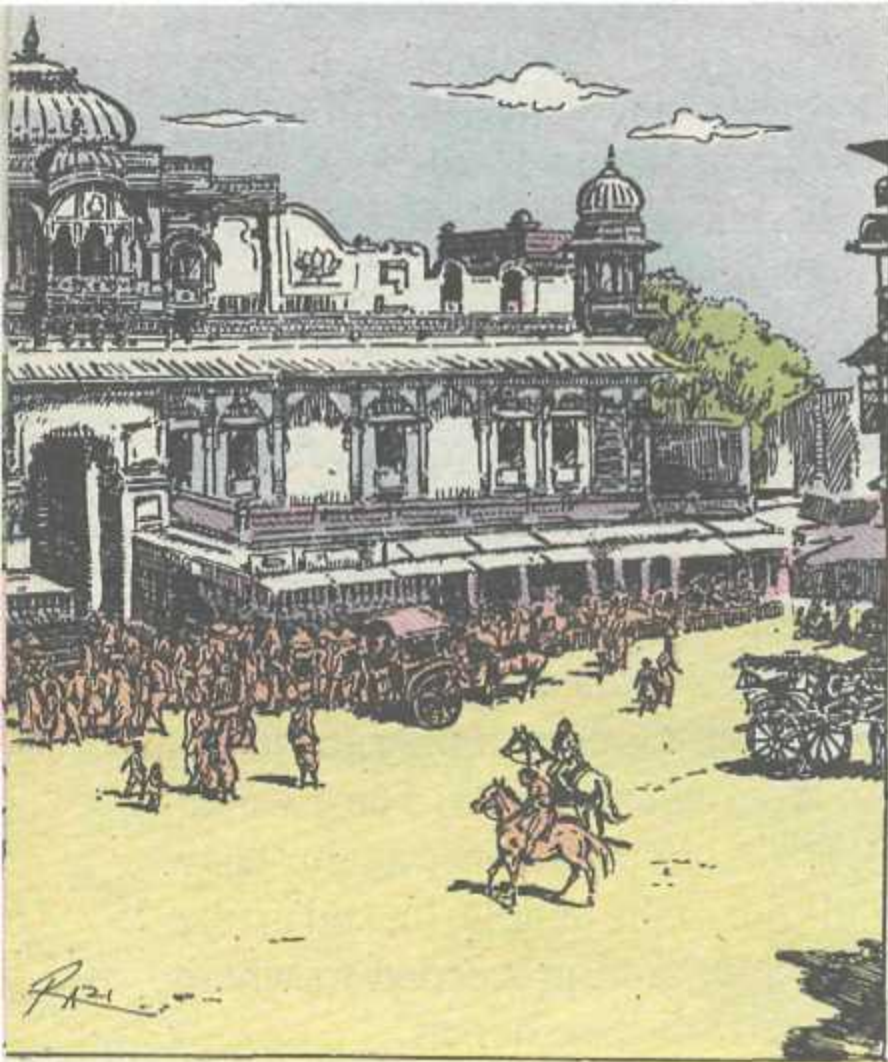
"Keertivarma!" A voice rose from the idol. "Go back to your capital and construct a temple for me in the open ground next to the lily pond. Instal me

there as Jwalamukhi. She will shower her blessings on you all!"

Both Keertivarma and Keertisena stood facing the idol for a long time, in the expectation that the divine Mother might have some more messages for them or directions to find the pearl necklace. They found that the brilliant light on the idol and around the temple was slowly fading. They took it as an indication that they need not remain there any longer and it was time for them to depart. They waited till it was pitch dark once again. They came out of the temple, locked up the main door, and proceeded to where they had left their horses.

Their journey to the capital took more than a day. While they rode their horses and whenever they took rest beneath the shades of trees, they remained alert, lest they were caught unawares. They were not sure whether they would not be attacked by soldiers from the neighbouring countries. Fortunately, nobody crossed their way till they reached the city where they knew they would be safe. It was the third day after the prince had left the *gurukul* of Krishna Chandra.

When they neared the palace, Keertisena said, "Keertivarma, I would better go and see my father who must be anxiously waiting for me. I



shall join you later and report to your father, the king, on the success of the mission he had entrusted to me."

"I quite agree, Keertisena," said the prince. "But don't delay your visit. My father would prefer to hear all the details from you direct." He then turned his horse towards the palace, while Keertisena proceeded to her own residence.

King Sushena and Queen Ratnavati were overjoyous when the arrival of Prince Keertivarma was announced. The king embraced his son most affectionately. He was seeing the prince after a long time; the queen used to visit the *gurukul*

off and on to enquire about her son's welfare and to find out from *guru* Krishna Chandra how he was progressing in his studies. "But where's Keertisena?" asked Sushena.

Keertivarma then told him, in brief, all that had happened in the forest and the temple. "She has gone to her residence, saying she would come here later along with her father."

"No, before she comes here, let's go and meet her," said the king. "She's a very intelligent girl. I'm glad she was of great help to you."

The queen led Keertivarma to his chambers and ensured that he had all the comforts he needed. A while later, he was ready to go with his father to Keertisena.

They were received with great warmth by Jayasena and his daughter. After they were seated, the king turned to Keertisena, "So, you both received the Devi's blessings? We're all fortunate, Keertisena. But didn't she tell you about the pearl necklace?"

Keertivarma interjected. "Father, the Devi has given us a clue, and it's for us to unravel the message and work our way to the mysterious necklace."

"What clue did she give?" King Sushena was curious.

Keertivarma and Keertisena looked at each other, wondering who



should give him the details of their find in the temple. "Your majesty, certainly it was due to the divine Mother's blessings that we came upon the copper sheet. The message is written on it," said Keertisena.

Keertivarma then described how they dug the place near the *bilwa* tree and found first the iron box and then the copper box inside. "The message is: THE CREATION IS WITH THE CREATOR. WITH THE BETTER HALF. What does one make of it, father?"

"May I offer an explanation?" said Jayasena, who was intently listening to the conversation till then. He smiled at his daughter. "Well, that was what Keertisena was asking me, as soon as she came in. She wanted to see the ancient idol of Saraswati that we have with us. And who's Saraswati? None other than Lord Brahma's consort - his better half!"

"And where's the idol now?" asked Keertivarma, impatiently.

"Keertisena examined it in her room for a long time," replied Jayasena, "and placed it back in the puja room. Keertisena, go and bring it here. Let the King and Keertivarma see it."

Keertisena went and brought the idol, and gave it to King Sushena. "How beautiful it looks!" He held it in



his hand for some time and passed it on to his son.

Keeertivarma, too, admired its beauty. "What exquisite workmanship! Is there anybody in our kingdom now to attempt anything like this?"

"This idol is very ancient," said Jayasena. "We got it from my grandfather, who you remember was also called Jayasena."

Suddenly, the prince remembered something and began to tap the idol here and there with his fingers. "Ah! It has a hollow!" He then pressed its base, which slid inside to reveal a carved out portion. "It's empty! There's nothing in it!"



"No, Keertivarma!" exclaimed Keertisena. "There *was* something in it, and I've kept it safe!" From the folds of her flowing dress, Keertisena brought out a small silver trinket-box. She showed it to everybody and then opened it and pulled out a pearl necklace! Everybody was surprised. "Father, this was originally a gift from your grandfather to His Majesty's ancestor. So, it should belong to him." She then handed the necklace to her father.

Jayasena rose from his seat, walked up to King Sushena, and adorned him with the necklace. "Your Majesty, the necklace would have ordinarily come

to you from Jayavarma and his son Veerendravarma. But your great grandfather Vichitravarma saved it from being taken away by the enemies of the kingdom and had hidden it safely for the sake of a more capable descendant. And who else can he be than yourself, your majesty?"

King Sushena was overcome with joy, and was full of gratitude to his friend and confidante, Jayasena, and his daughter. "I told you, Jayasena, that your daughter is an extremely intelligent girl. See how she has unravelled the mysterious message!"

"Like Keertivarma, I was also baffled for a long time," said Keertisena. "As we were riding from the temple, I was all the while matching different meanings to the message. Suddenly it struck me that the word CREATOR might refer to my father's grandfather who had got ready the necklace for King Vichitravarma. However, the other words, BETTER HALF, had no meaning, because nothing is known about my father's grandmother. So, I guessed, CREATOR must have a different meaning. The name Brahma - the creator of the universe - came to my mind and, of course, we all know Saraswati is his consort. The fact that we have in our possession a figurine of Saraswati is



not known to Keertivarma. But I didn't reveal it to him immediately, because I couldn't imagine that the ancient idol would have any role to play in this mystery. By the time we reached the capital, I had decided not to lose any time in taking a look at the figurine, that's why I didn't go with Keertivarma to the palace to meet your majesty. When father told me that he had inherited the ancient idol, I felt certain that Saraswati might hold all the secrets within her!"

Everybody was surprised over the way Keertisena read the message. "Bravo!" said Keertivarma.

"I should add something more to my findings. The idol was a gift from King Vichitravarma to his friend and advisor, Jayasena. The king was thus aware of the secret hollow that was given to it while making it. That's why he chose to hide the necklace inside the idol, which he knew would be safe. He hid the necklace in it, but did not disclose it to his advisor. He only gave him the box with the cryptic message in it to be handed to King Jayavarma at an appropriate time. It was all about the five elements and of the one who measured the earth in three steps. In the second message, when he said **THE CREATION IS WITH THE CREATOR**, he meant the necklace

was with his advisor, Jayasena. When he added **WITH THE BETTER HALF**, he gave it another meaning to associate Lord Brahma and goddess Saraswati. And when I remembered my father telling me that the idol was a gift from King Vichitravarma, everything fell into the respective slot!"

"That was very clever of you, Keertisena!" remarked King Sushena. He turned to his friend and asked, "Do you remember our wager, Jayasena?"

Keertisena shyly turned her face away. "Yes, I do, my good friend," responded Jayasena. "Let's celebrate it as early as possible."

Soon, the wedding of Prince Keertivarma and Keertisena was celebrated with great pomp and show. Throughout the kingdom of Kosala, scenes of joy and merriment were witnessed for three days. The rulers from the neighbouring kingdoms slowly started returning to their states. Conspicuous by their absence were the kings of Kambhoj, Nagapura, and Chakradesa. They had deliberately avoided going to Kosala because they had already arrayed their army to attack Kosala during the festivities. However, the spies from Kosala had brought news of an imminent attack, and the army was put on the alert. The boundaries on three sides were well



guarded. The fourth side was mountainous terrain, just behind the forests in the northern parts. All their attempts to make an incursion into Kosala were thwarted, and the armies of the three neighbours as well as the rulers felt frustrated.

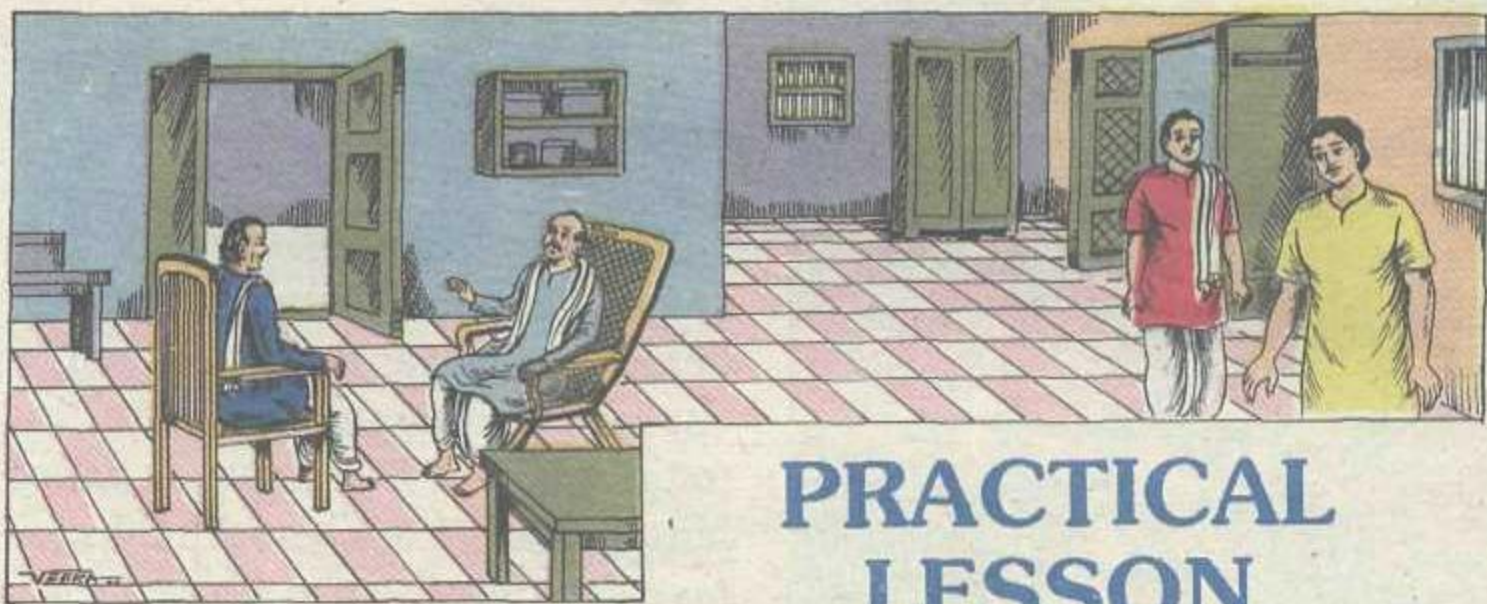
In Kosala, it was decided that the prince should, soon after the wedding take over command of the army and drive away the enemy troops at the boundaries. Keertivarma was informed that the soldiers of Kambhoj were fewer in number. So, he led a contingent of soldiers at dead of night and drove away the Kambhoj army. Many soldiers of Kambhoj lost their lives. The next morning a larger contingent joined the prince, who then marched towards the Kambhoj capital and captured King Garudadatta.

When they heard of the surrender of Kambhoj to Prince Keertivarma,

Nagakarna of Nagapura and Kuntivarma of Chakradesa were scared. They feared that their turn would be the next. So, they wisely withdrew their armies from the Kosala borders and struck a deal with the Kosala commander, Rana Malla. They accepted the suzerainty of Kosala and agreed to pay tribute to King Sushena every month and send a hundred soldiers to Kosala as hostage and surety for good behaviour.

While Keertivarma was away, Keertisena supervised the construction of the Jwalamukhi temple. For the consecration ceremony, they invited *guru* Krishna Chandra himself. At the end of the ceremony, King Sushena presented the pearl necklace to his son. "From now on you must enjoy the mysterious powers of this necklace. May Devi Jwalamukhi shower Her blessings on you both!" (Concluded)





PRACTICAL LESSON

Neelkanta of Neelampur had three sons. The two elder ones looked after their farm and business. The youngest, Muthu, refused to go for any work, and so the father was worried about him.

But the youth was popular among the local people, because he went to their help whenever there was a need, especially on occasions like marriages and festivals. He could be depended on for running errands, unmindful of physical exertion.

A relative of Neelkanta came with a marriage proposal for Muthu. The father was not willing to take any additional burden, as Muthu had no work or any regular income. He told his relative that he would think of marriage for his son only after he secured some employment. If Muthu got married without a job, his own burden would only increase, thought Neelkanta. He really wished Muthu

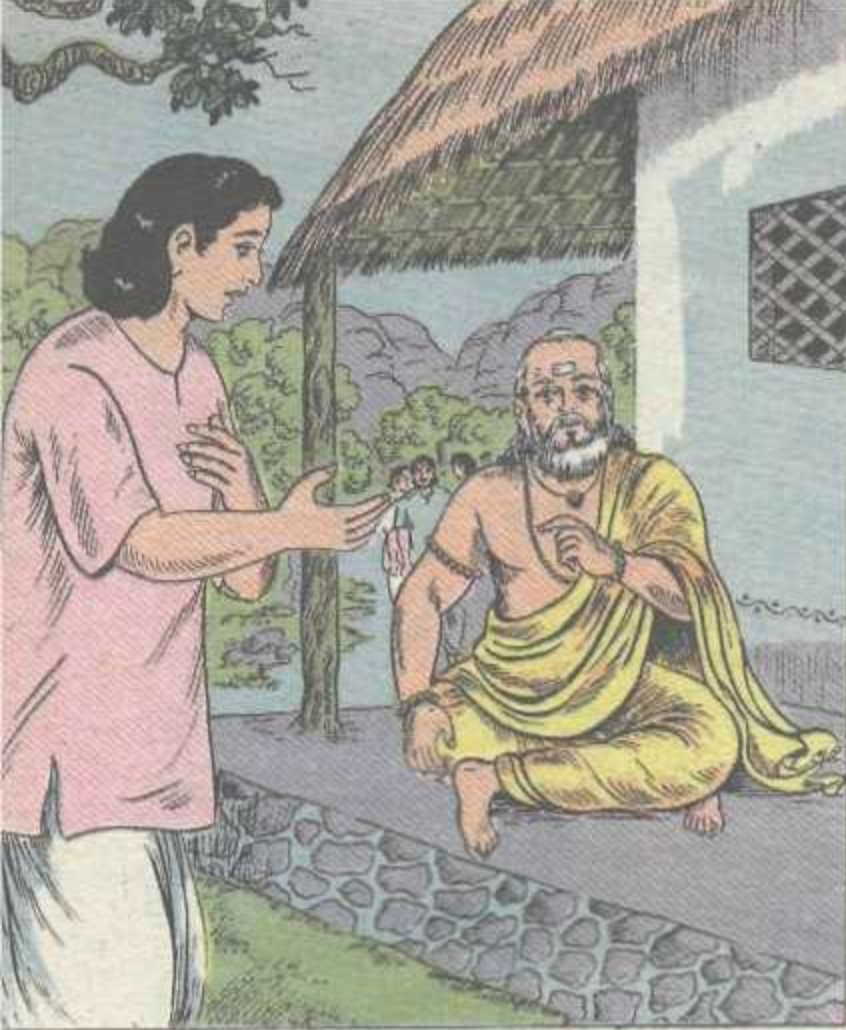
would change his ways and feel responsible not only for his family but for setting up a home for himself. He regretted he had to turn down a good proposal.

The relative was not disappointed. He suggested that Neelkanta should send Muthu to the *gurukul* of Vimalananda. "He'll learn a lot there. He'll want to work, and I'm sure he'll become responsible."

Neelkanta had heard about the *gurukul* run by Vimalananda. But it was only now that he came to have more details about the institution. He was told that whoever had come out of the *gurukul* had secured good jobs with the government of the land. Also that only the *guru*, Vimalananda, decided how long the student would remain in the *gurukul* or how much fees he would be required to pay.

Neelkanta, accompanied by Muthu, went to Vimalananda. "I'll first





give him a test. Only if he succeeds in it will he be eligible to become my student. So, his admission here can be decided only after the test. Also, whether he should pay fees or his education will be free."

"As you please, *guruji*," said Neelkanta. "But I would like my son to learn under you."

Muthu was given a test. "I find your son has some worldly knowledge," remarked Vimalananda to Neelkanta. "He has succeeded in the test I gave him. I shall take him as a student. You have to pay a fee of a thousand coins for a year though I can't say now how long he'll have to stay here. And while

he's here, if he were to indulge in anything that I don't like. I may even send him away."

Neelkanta handed one thousand coins to Vimalananda and returned home. Muthu was really not keen on studying in the *gurukul*. After his father had left, Vimalananda called him and said, "Look here, Muthu, you must carefully listen to all that I teach you. You will then come up in life. Your father's efforts will not then go waste."

Muthu went round the *gurukul* and met all the students. There were all types—some enjoying free education, others paying fees of varying amounts, some even paying more than what he himself was paying. He thought *guru* Vimalananda must have some good reason for treating his students differently. As days went by, he learnt a lot of things new. He listened to the teachers and their discourses. He paid attention to his lessons.

Muthu befriended Mohanan. He admired the way Muthu grasped the lessons quickly. "You seem to have learnt quite a lot in so short a time!" he remarked, one day. "Did you learn all that from the *guru*? No wonder you're his favourite student!"

"I didn't learn anything from *guru* Vimalananda," replied Muthu. "I had



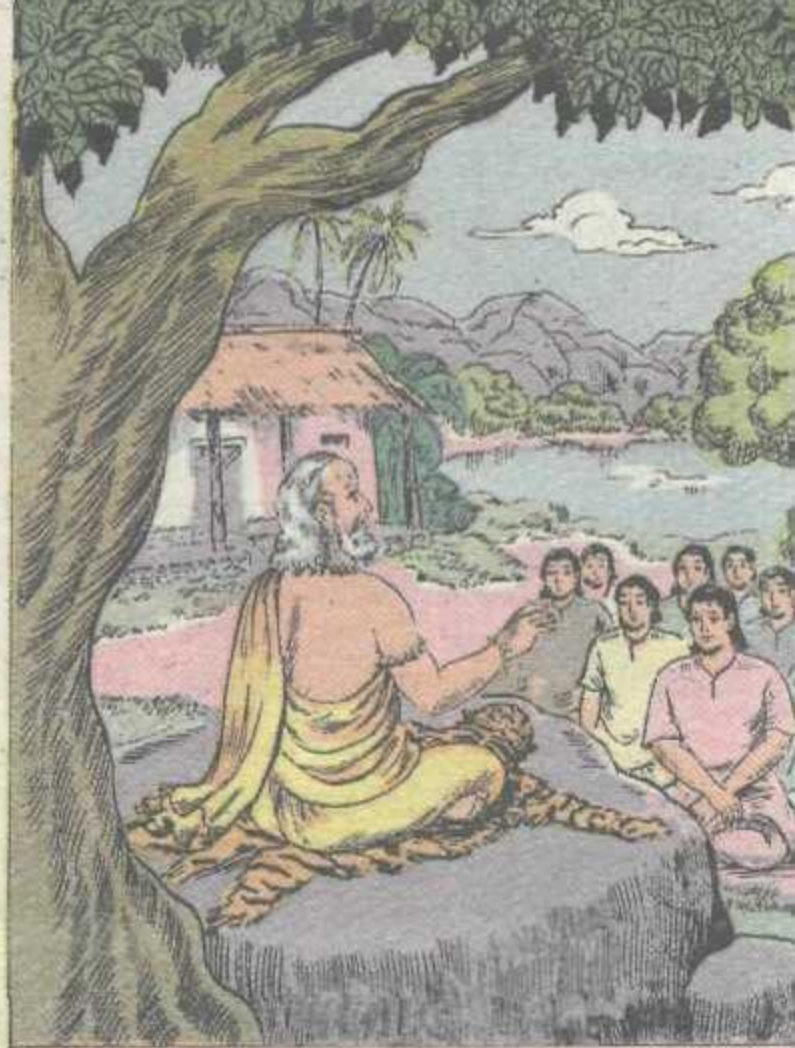
already learnt them from experience."

Mohanam was not ready to accept Muthu's explanation. A doubt crept in his mind. Was the *guru* neglecting him because his father was paying only five hundred coins as fees for a year? Perhaps he was being taught much less because he was paying less. Muthu was aware of what was in Mohanam's mind; in fact, he was also aware that there were other students like Mohanam who, too, nourished similar doubts.

Muthu recalled how and what their *guru* taught them. He would be seated even while explaining how to climb a mountain, or engage another in a fight, or swim in a river. The students were never taken for a swim or mountain-climbing. The *guru* never stirred out from the *ashram*. He would say, if he went out, his legs would pain; if he went in a boat, he might face some danger. In fact, he took a bath only when the students brought water from the nearby river.

Muthu would listen to him, but felt that the method adopted by the *guru* was not very correct. It was all a sort of bookish education. There was no practical training, which alone would help students understand things better.

Muthu was now in a dilemma. Why should he learn from such a *guru*? One



day, Vimalananda taught them how to cook their own food. There was no hearth, no cereal, and no vessels. Everything was explained in words. Without any practical lessons, would anyone of them be able to attempt any cooking? What, then, was the purpose of such teaching? Muthu wondered. It was the duty of any teacher to ensure that his student understood all that he taught. He noticed many of his friends blinking in class, or looking at each other. It was certain that they had not understood anything that was taught. Yet, strangely, they all stayed in the *gurukul* and ate the food prepared there—mostly vegetables and fruits

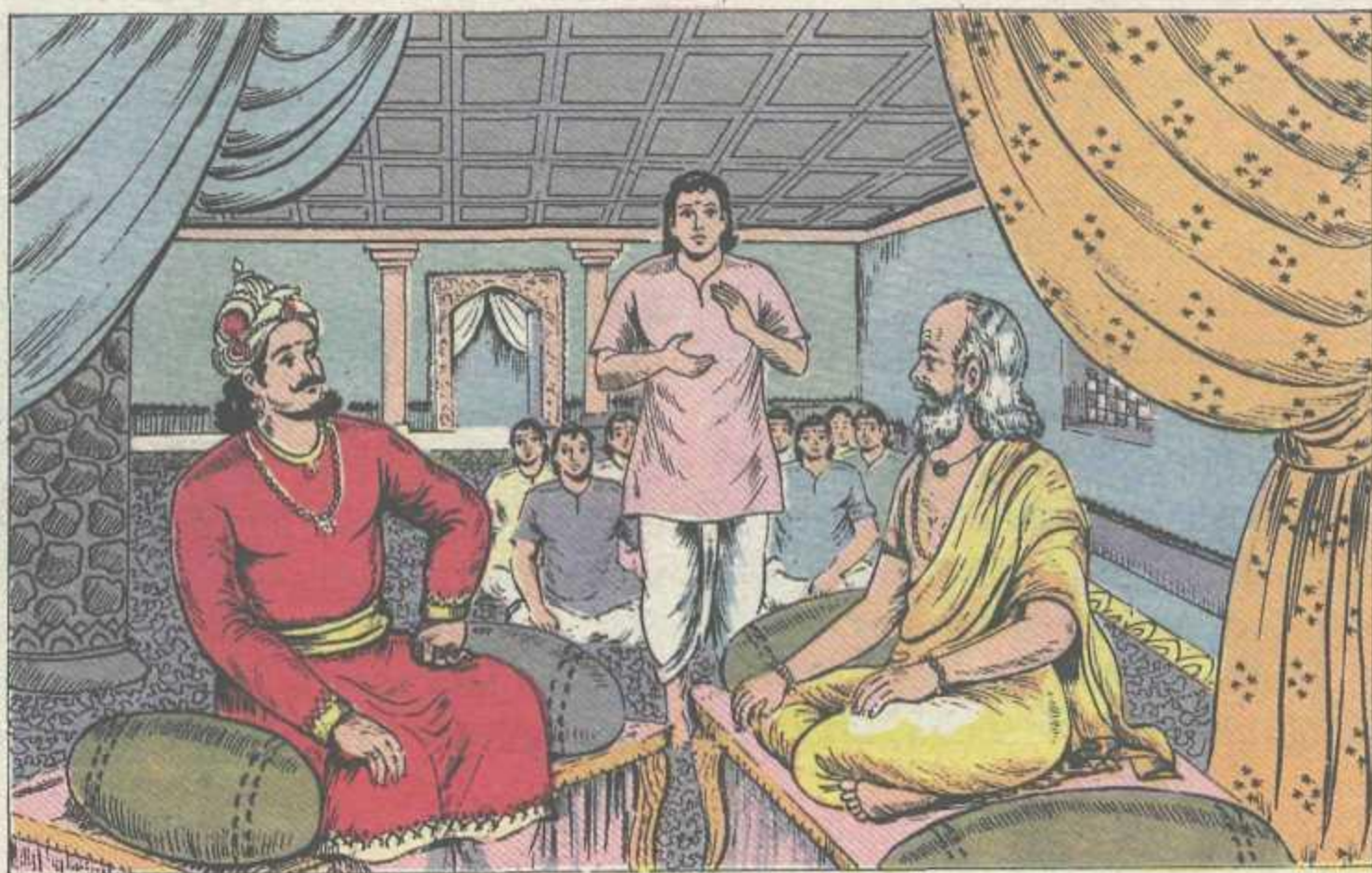
grown in the *ashram*. They were not given any other food.

Soon, one year went by after Muthu entered the *gurukul*. Classes for the second year started, and he found that they were being taught whatever had been taught to them in the previous year. One day, someone called Achutha sent word to Vimalananda inviting him to the capital. He was once a student of Vimalananda and had studied under him for a year. Then he was given a high post in the government, which he was still holding.

The letter sent by Achutha stated that the king was mightily pleased with him because of the sense of responsibility he had shown in work, with

his integrity and efficiency, and that he was being honoured by the king at a public function, and that he wished the guru was also present on the occasion to bless him. Vimalananda took his students with him when he went to the capital.

There was a huge crowd in whose presence the king praised Achutha and handed him gifts and a heavy purse. Some people eulogised him in their poems which they recited. Achutha went up to his *guru* and led him to the stage. He placed the gifts and purse at his feet and prostrated before him. "I am extremely happy to see my former student being honoured like this!" said Vimalananda to the hearing of





everybody.

Muthu and his friends now took a good look at the *guru* and his one-time student. "Our *guru* is telling us that he's proud of his student. After all, Achutha had studied in the *gurukul* only for one year. Look at me; I've been there for six long years. Yet, our *guru* has not told me that my education is complete."

Muthu was perturbed on hearing Mohanan's remarks. That night he did not have a wink of sleep. The next day, they had a royal visitor. The king told Vimalananda, "I want an assistant to the keeper of my treasury—someone

honest and dependable. Can you pick up someone from among your students?"

Vimalananda looked at his students and signalled to Muthu to step forward. "You're the cleverest among my students. You must earn a good name and the goodwill of the people." He then blessed the youth.

It was then that Muthu realised the practicability of the *guru*'s method of teaching. If the *guru* was confident that a student was capable of putting into practice all that he had learnt, it was enough indication that his education was complete.

A candle lights others, and consumes itself.

The law maker should not be a law breaker.

As a fool sings, so he thinks the bell rings.

Remembrancer

Krishnamurthi met Ramamurthi on the way. "I heard there was a housebreak on three days and thieves took away money from your steel trunk. Is it true?" he asked of Ramamurthi.

"It's true, my friend," said Ramamurthi, sadly.

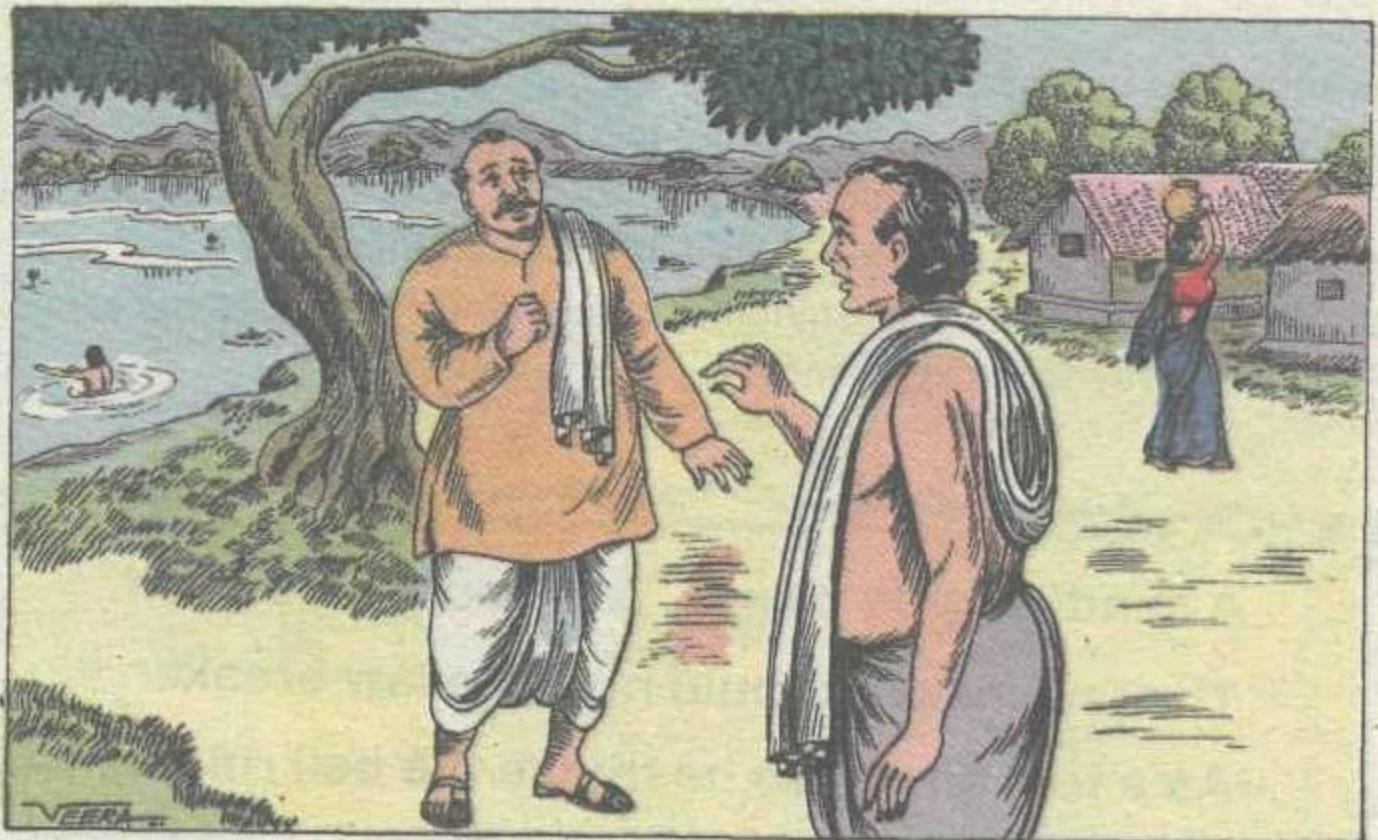
"How come? Didn't you hear them breaking open the trunk?" Krishnamurthy asked, curiously.

"No, they didn't break it open," said Ramamurthi. "They managed to get hold of the key from beneath my pillow."

"Did they take the key all the three times from underneath your pillow? Strange!" said Krishnamurthi. He sounded sarcastic. "Why did you keep it in the same place a second time and a third? You should have kept the key somewhere else."

"That's right. I shifted the key on both days," explained Ramamurthi. "You see, I've a failing memory. So, I wrote and kept a chit beneath my pillow - to remind me where the key had been kept."

Krishnamurthi could not control his laughter.



The sad tale of the Night Queen

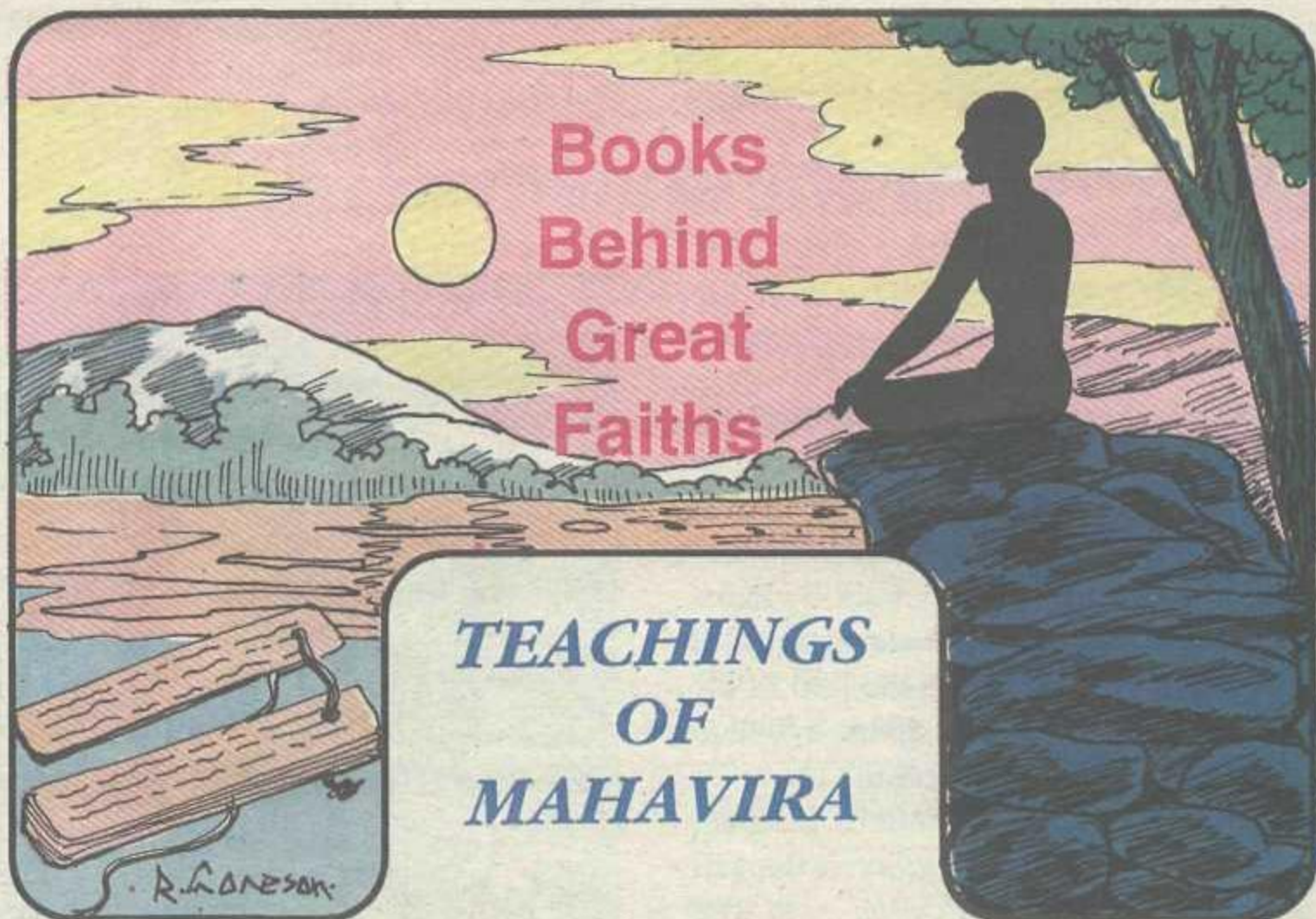
In an earlier issue of *Chandamama*, you read the story of Satyabhama, who prevailed upon her husband, Krishna, to bring the Parijata tree for her from Devaloka, how they were accosted on their way back by Indra, and how Garuda, the *vahana* (mount) of Krishna, saved them from the lord of the heavens. That is how this divine tree happened to be grown on the earth.

Parijata is its name in Sanskrit. In Hindi, it is popularly called *Harsinghar*; in Bengali *Shefali*; in Tamil simply *Pavizha-malli*. The white flowers, which have orange-coloured tubes beneath, are extremely fragrant; yet the tree is known in English as the tree of sadness, or the sorrowful tree, or sometimes the Indian Mourner! The flowers fall off during the night, and it is believed that the tree is shedding tears for reasons unknown to mankind.

Not quite so, because according to another legend, Parijata was a princess, who fell in love with the Sun. When night came and he disappeared, she killed herself, and from her ashes rose a shrub. It casts its flowers in the morning as they do not wish to see the Sun! A sad tale and, therefore, a tree of sadness. The botanical name, *Nyctanthes arbor-tristis*, means 'night flower' and the 'sad tree'. People in north India call it *Rat-ki-Rani*, or Queen of the Night.

The tree is found all over India. It does not grow very tall, but the foliage is large. The leaves in pairs grow opposite to each other and are pointed at the end. Rough on the upper surface, they have soft hair on the underside. The flowers come out in bunches of three to five.





Like Gautama Buddha, Mahavira was born in a royal family, near Vaisali, some twenty-six hundred years ago. Although Mahavira was older than the Buddha, both the great teachers lived and taught for some years at the same time.

Mahavira became famous as *Jina*, which means one who has conquered his passions. From *Jina* is derived the name of the religious faith, *Jaina*.

But, according to tradition, Mahavira revived the teachings of 23 Masters who lived before him. They were known as Tirthankaras. Mahavira devoted his time to meditation and quest for truth for

twelve years at a stretch and received *Kaivalya* or the ultimate knowledge.

Mahavira's teachings are found in several compilations (the *Angas*, the *Purvas*, and the five *Prakaranas*). There is also a comprehensive work on Jainism known as *Lokaprakasha*, compiled by Vinay-Vijay.

Mahavira followed an ascetic way of life. He taught how to attain a pure state of bliss. That becomes possible when one achieves freedom from the cycle of birth and death. Such a condition can be achieved through right faith, right knowledge, and right conduct.

Jainism does not speak of God, but tells us how to develop godly virtues.

Jainism does not differ from Hinduism in regard to the theories of Karma, rebirth, and liberation from bondage through penance.

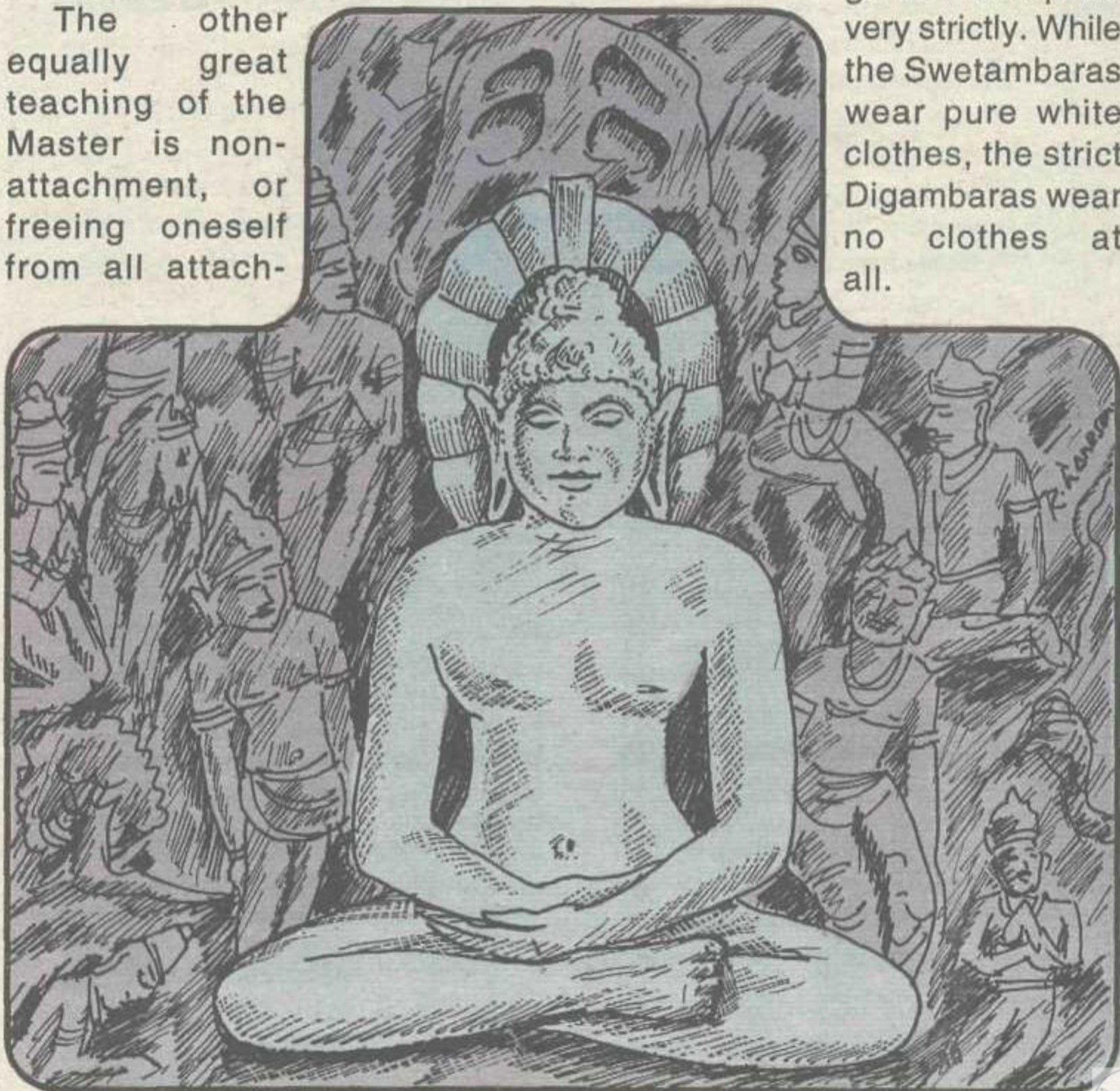
A great teaching of Mahavira is non-violence not only in one's conduct, but also in one's thoughts.

The other equally great teaching of the Master is non-attachment, or freeing oneself from all attach-

ments to worldly objects. Mahavira even gave up putting on clothes. Many Jains leave their bodies by refraining from taking any food, because by eating, one gets attached to some items of food.

After Mahavira's death, the Jain faith was divided into two streams: *Swetambaras* and *Digambaras*. The Digambaras follow the reli-

gious discipline very strictly. While the Swetambaras wear pure white clothes, the strict Digambaras wear no clothes at all.



DO YOU KNOW?

1. Which Indian city is known as the "City of Lakes"?
2. A well-known author used to allow his pet cat to sit on his shoulders whenever he engaged himself in writing. Who was he?
3. Name the island situated in the gulf between the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal. Also that of the gulf.
4. A famous poet took with him his little menagerie whenever and wherever he travelled. Who was he?
5. Where will you go to see the 'shaking minarets' in India?
6. A famous writer of fairy tales had mastered several languages. Who was he?
7. The Buddha was born in Lumbini. What is its modern name?
8. Who coined the word Pakistan? When?
9. What is the name of the earliest known Egyptian book? How old is it?
10. Which country is the largest producer of sugar in the world?
11. Which language is spoken by the largest number of people in the world?
12. How many "books" are there in the *Old Testament* and the *New Testament*?
13. Someone from the West visited India in the 4th century B.C. and left an account of his travels. Name him.
14. Who was ruling Lanka when Emperor Asoka's emissaries visited the island?
15. One of the earliest books on arithmetic and algebra was written by an Indian. Who? What is the name of the book?

ANSWERS

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Udaipur. | 7. Rumminder, in Nepal. |
| 2. Edgar Allan Poe. | 8. Choudhury Rahmat Ali—in 1933. |
| 3. Rameswaram—the gulf of Mannar. | 9. <i>The Book of the Dead</i> . A part of it existed earlier than 3200 B.C. |
| 4. Lord Byron. It is said that he had, besides ten horses, eight dogs, five cats, an eagle, a crow, and a falcon! | 10. India. |
| 5. Ahmedabad. They are so called because if you shake one, the other will shake on its own. | 11. Chinese. |
| 6. Jacob Grimm (1785-1863)—one of the Grimm Brothers. He knew more than six languages. | 12. 39 and 27 respectively. |
| | 13. Megasthenes the Greek. |
| | 14. King Devanampriya Tissa. |
| | 15. Bhaskaracharya— <i>Lilavati</i> . |

Tales from Many Lands (Greece)

TWO TREES ATOP THE HILL



Long long ago, in those ancient times, there nestled among the mountains a small hamlet. Alas, its inhabitants were mean and selfish! So stingy and cruel were they that wayfarers, who happened to pass by, spoke of it with dread and fear.

"Never, never dare to enter it," they would say. "Not a smile will welcome you. Children will throw stones, and the dogs will bite at your legs."

Indeed, day by day the people of this village grew stingier and stingier. Not a word of kindness ever escaped

their rude tongues, and their uncouth faces were always twisted with a frown. The sun did shine over this graceless village as it did over the gentler ones. Flowers blossomed on the wayside, but they wore a look of sadness, drooping to the earth.

One stormy night, two weary travellers wandered into this ill-fated village. Their desperate knocks for some crumbs of bread and a place to rest were only answered with scornful eyes.

"What? Food and shelter for strangers?" they said spitefully.



"Begone before we set our dogs on you!"

So, the two wayfarers glanced at each other and sadly wended their weary way out of the wretched place. 'Is there really not a kind soul in this entire hamlet?' they wondered.

But before long, they saw a light faintly glimmering in the darkness from the top of the hill. So softly and warmly did the little flame glow that the travellers felt, indeed those they who have lighted it must surely be gentle, kind, and full of warmth.

Hopefully, they braved the strong wind and rain and trudged their way up the valley. The flickering lamp led

them to a humble dwelling from where flowed a sweet happy strain of music. They knocked. The singing stopped, and the door was answered by a poor old lady. Her face was wrinkled, but her eyes shone with love and affection. Her joy knew no bounds when she saw the two strangers and welcomed them with open arms.

"Indeed, you're but poor travellers, in need of food and rest," she said in a gentle voice, seeing how tired and haggard they looked.

"Thank you, gentle lady," said the two wayfarers, rather amazed at such warmth, after being so coldly treated in the hamlet below.

"Come, my good husband. Look, how fortunate we are to be blessed with guests today!" she exclaimed.

The old kindly couple at once began working. One raked the hearth and lit the fire with eager fingers, for it was a cold and windy night. The other set the table with bread, honey, and fruit and a warm drink of herbs.

The old couple then sat together on a wooden plank and as they watched their guests eat and drink, their faces beamed with joy.

"Come, why don't you join us, too!" invited the older of the two strangers.



"No, no, we'll eat later on. We're not that hungry!" they replied candidly.

The visitors looked at each other and knew that their hosts were indeed hungry, but out of sheer goodness of heart had placed before them all that they had in their modest dwelling.

As the husband and wife looked for something more to offer to their guests, lo and behold, they found the jug which lay almost empty a little while ago, now full to the brim. The visitors were given a second helping, but yet again the vessel filled by itself!

The old couple was indeed awe-struck! Bowing low to the two

strangers, they said with folded hands, "You surely are heavenly beings! O gods, pray, forgive us for the most ordinary food that we were obliged to offer you."

"O gentle folks, whatever your kindly hands have served us was sweeter than the tastiest delicacy. You needn't worry, for we're indeed appeased and happy," they said blessing them.

But as the humble pair, Philemon and Baucis, for those were their names, looked up, the two figures had disappeared. In their stead, there stood before them, bathed in a golden light, two heavenly beings. The Father of the gods, Zeus, and His son,



Hermes, the messenger of the gods. They slowly walked out into the neat little garden outside. The amazed couple followed them and looked on in disbelief.

Below lay the inhospitable hamlet, where not a single gentle soul dwelt and every visitor was unwelcome. The mighty Lord of the heavens, looking at it with eyes both sad and angry, raised his hands skywards. His son, Hermes played his lyre.

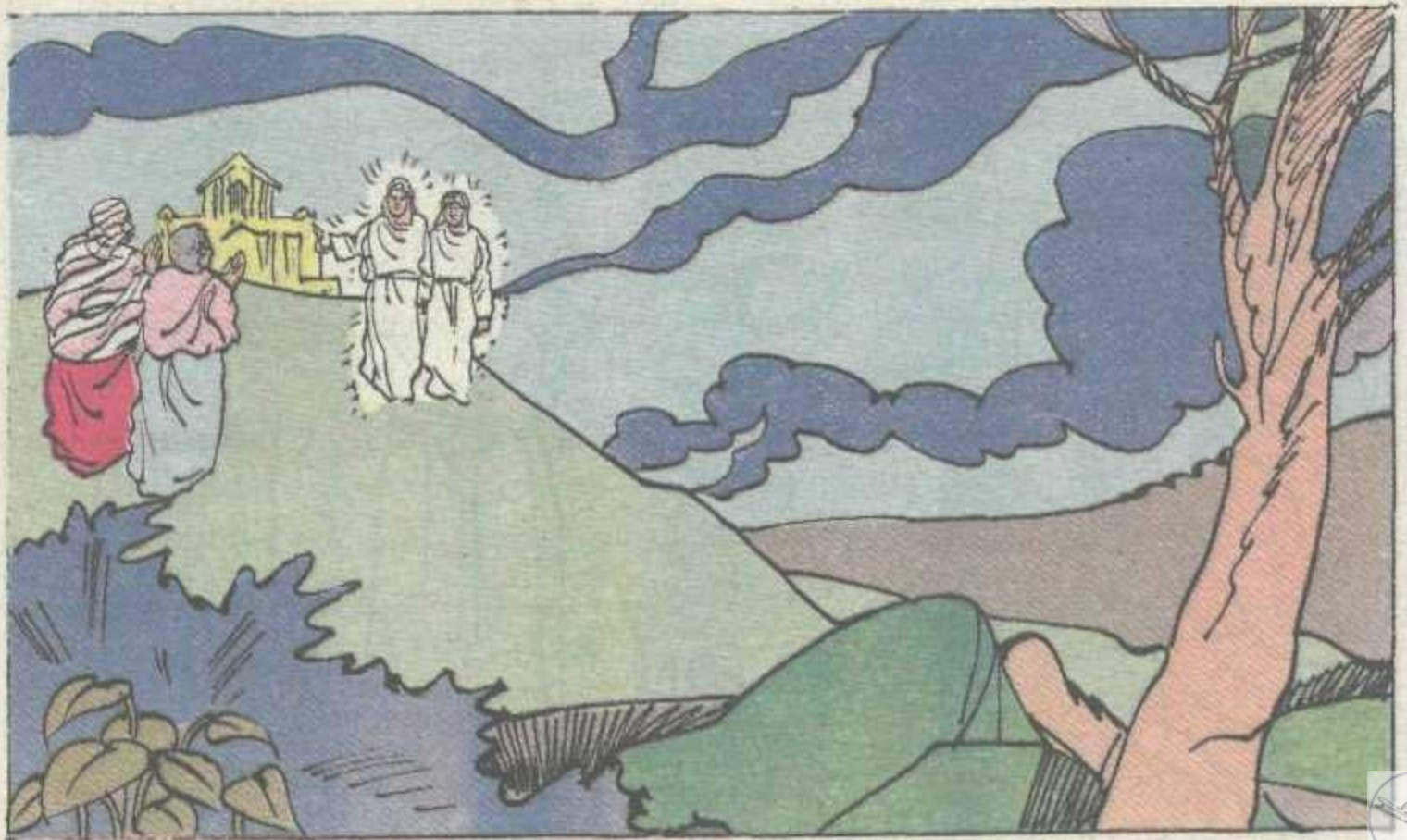
In a trice, dark clouds gathered in the sky, lightning flashed, and the rolling sound of thunder shook the slumbering selfish village. Soon, rain began to fall in cascades and a great

lake appeared and one by one the houses sank under its water.

Philemon and Baucis clasped each other's hands as they stood watching the lake flow along the valley. Their eyes were filled with fear and drops of tears trickled down their gentle faces. Will they, too, meet the same fate? They who also belonged to the hamlet, but were simple folks with love and kindness in their hearts?

But Zeus lowered his hands and directed them towards their tumble-down hut. Lo and behold, it had changed into a magnificent golden temple which shone like the sun.

The innocent couple stood



spellbound, unable to believe their eyes. The God walked up to them and said, "Worthy Friends, there stands your new home. This day onwards, you're the guardians of my temple."

"But do tell us," asked Hermes, the son of Zeus, "what reward do you wish to have for the hospitality you showed to two wayfarers unknown to you?"

Philemon looked at his good wife's eyes, Baucis at her good husband's, and their thoughts seemed to speak to each other.

"Grant us, O mighty Gods, that we may die at the same time, my wife and I. That's all our hearts prompt us to ask," said the old man in a soft whispering voice.

"So be it! Both of you shall be together, forever," promised Zeus, smiling at the gentle old couple.

Then Zeus and his son, Hermes, walked down the valley and soon disappeared in the darkness.

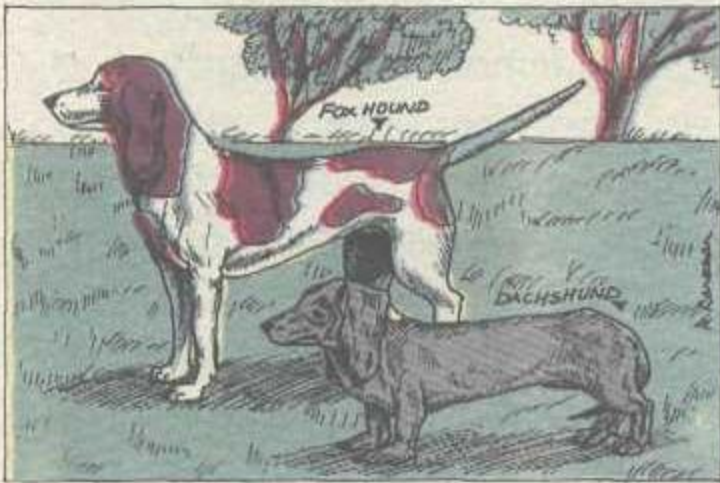
So Philemon and Baucis dwelt as guardians of the golden temple. They lived there serenely and happily for many, many years. Then, one day, when their mortal frames could no longer bear the burden of their advanced age, they changed at the same moment into two tall Oaks, the tree sacred to Zeus.

Through many a millenium, the noble oak trees stood guard on either side of the golden temple, atop the hill. Sometimes, when the wind rustled through their leaves, their branches swayed gracefully from side to side. They touched each other and intertwined, as though clasping their hands in eternal love!

-Retold by Anup Kishore Das



WORLD OF NATURE



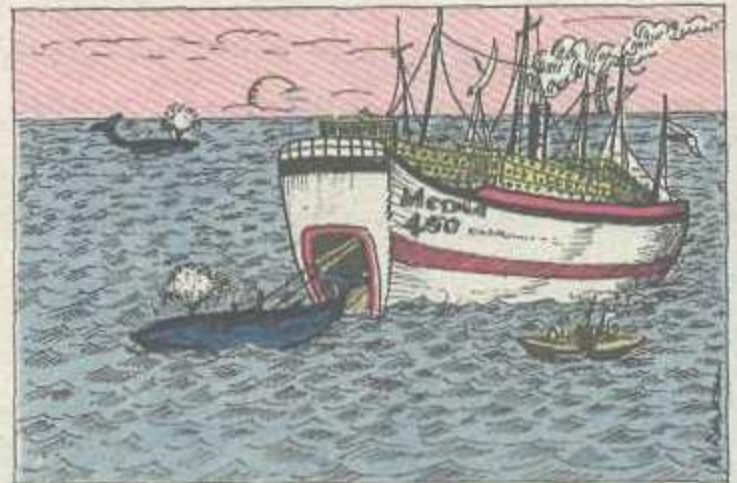
Dog detectives

We often read about dogs being employed by the police to help them detect crime. Most of these 'police dogs' belong to the highly intelligent breed called bloodhounds. Apart from their intelligence, these dogs have a keen sense of smell. They are able to pick up the smell left by the criminal on the scene of the crime and to follow the trail and often times track down the criminals. The

foxhound, coonhound, basenji, beagle, and the basset hound are all bloodhounds. The variety called 'dachshund' can be easily trained to join the police squad.

Why whales are hunted

The ship called "Greenpeace" and its crew, the other day, released a whale from a whaling ship which had managed to catch it. Why do people go after whales? Whales are hunted mainly for their blubber, which is a thick layer of fat that lies between the skin and flesh. The blubber is like a blanket, especially when the whales get into the cold Arctic seas. The blubber is converted into oil required by the paint and varnish industries. There are also countries, like Japan, which consume whale meat. It is usually canned



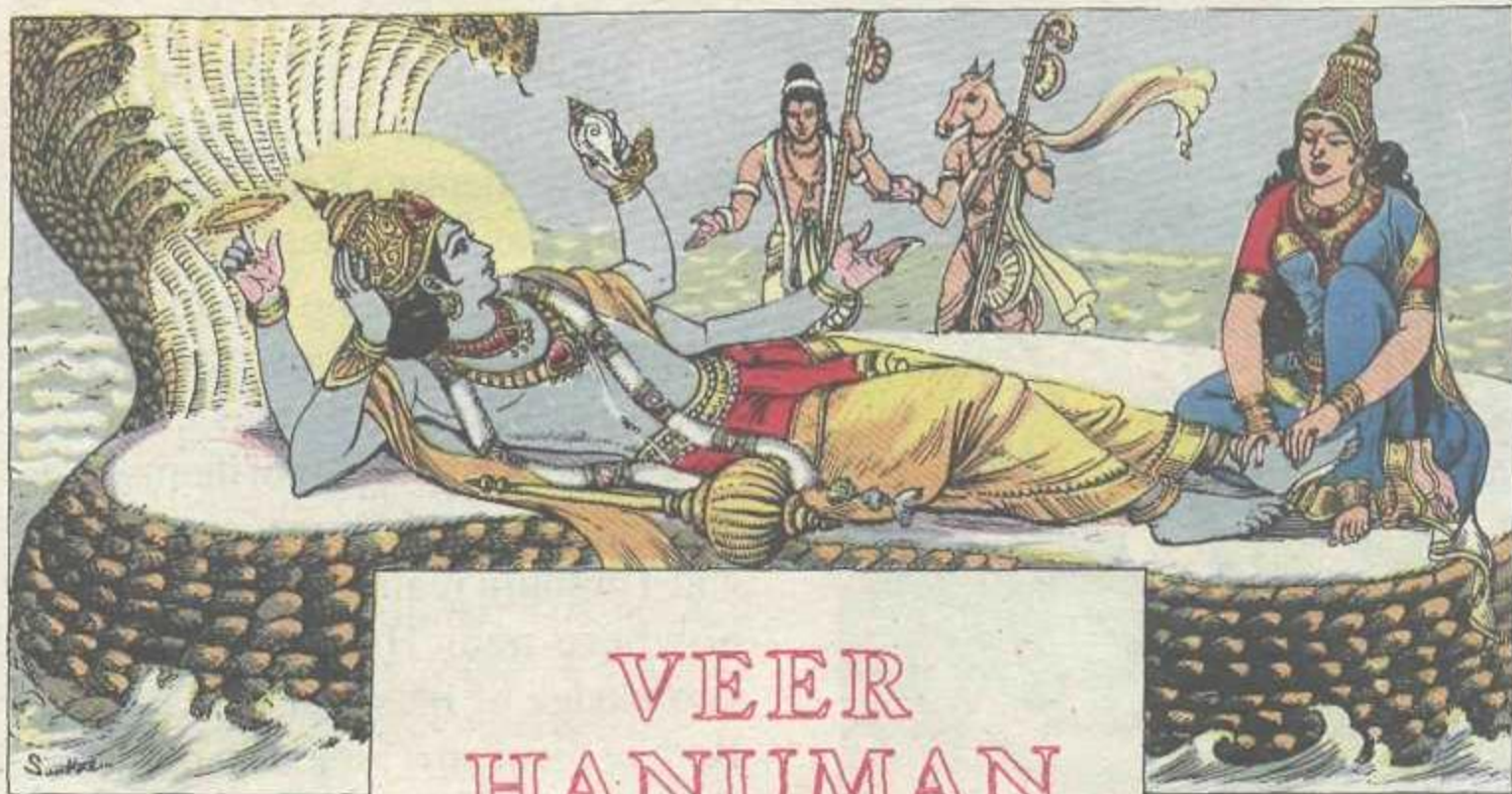
and sold.

Lotus-trotters

If you see a bird walking on water, you can be sure that it is a Jacana. It shies away from human beings and, if you go closer, you can see them walking, not on water, but on the large-sized lotus leaves. Its long toes and nails help distribute the bird's weight evenly on the leaves, which stay afloat. Last month, you read about birds preferring tall trees to build their nests. The jacanas build



their nests on the lotus leaves! The nests are just a pile of weeds and stems. By the way, jacana is not pronounced jack-ana, but 'yas-ana'.



VEER HANUMAN (48)

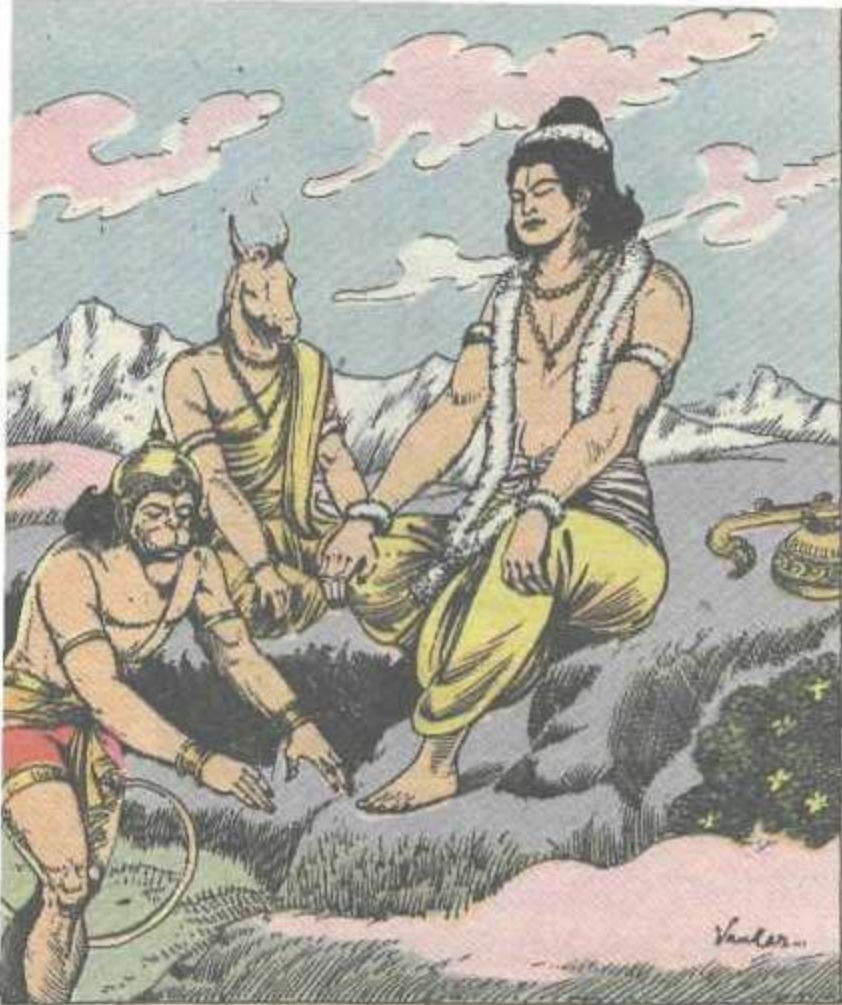
(On the advice of Lord Krishna, Hanuman goes to the Kadali garden and waits for Bheema, son of Vayu. Bheema finds his way blocked by a monkey tail. He cannot move it, nor can he lift it. He gets ready for a fight. Hanuman asks for his mace; Bheema is unable to lift it. He has a fight with Hanuman, whom he feels is no ordinary monkey. Hanuman reveals his identity, and the brothers embrace each other. Hanuman tells him how he can reach the Sougandhika flower that he wants for Panchali. On his way back, Bheema pays his obeisance to Hanuman, who goes to Gandhamadana to continue his meditation.)

Hanuman continued his *tapas* in Gandhamadana. He kept on chanting "Rama! Rama! Rama!" Lord Brahma appeared before him. "Hanuman, it's almost time for Kali *yuga* to begin. You should get ready to go to Vaikunta, where Vishnu is resting in the Ocean of Milk."

Lord Vishnu lay on the serpent, Adishesha. Sage Narada and Tumburu

sat by his side singing songs in praise of the Lord. Narada played on his *veena*, while Tumburu kept rhythm on his *veena*. Both of them were proud of their talents and felt jealous of each other. Their jealousy soon turned into a quarrel and there was a heated exchange of words. They took their dispute to Lord Vishnu. "Please tell us, who's a better singer?"

SOME ETERNAL MUSIC



The Lord quickly sized up the situation. "Oh! I was enjoying your music and forgot myself when I heard your songs and *bhajans*. In fact, I even slept away. So, I'm afraid, I won't be able to say who among you two is a better singer. But there's one person who is capable of deciding the issue. There's a monkey in Gandhamadana. Go to him and tell him that Sree Rama is calling him. He'll come with you. We shall then have a contest, and he'll tell you who's a better singer."

Sage Narada and Tumburu started for Gandhamadana. Even as they approached the mountain ranges, they could hear the deep voice of Hanuman

chanting "Rama! Rama! Rama!" They rushed to where he was sitting. He was not merely chanting Rama's name; the chanting was in different tunes and in *saptaswara*. He also changed the rhythmic beat every now and then. It was, in a short, divine music.

The two visitors forgot themselves and the object of their visit. Narada and Tumburu realised that they were nowhere near Hanuman in their knowledge of music and in singing. Both of them now joined Hanuman in chanting the Rama *mantra*. But they could not match their voice with that of Hanuman, who suddenly opened his eyes when he heard two strange voices. He found sage Narada and Tumburu sitting in front of him and chanting *his* Lord's name! Hanuman prostrated before them.

When Hanuman touched their feet, both Narada and Tumburu jumped up. "What's this, sire? How can *you* touch our feet? Who do you think we are? We're only Narada and Tumburu."

"Whoever you are, you were singing my Lord's name. That's why I paid my respect to you. Rama is everything to me. Anybody chanting his name deserves everybody's respect."

Sage Narada and Tumburu looked at each other in disbelief. It was then that they remembered what had taken



them to Hanuman. "Sree Rama has commanded us to take you to him. He's right now in the Ocean of Milk resting on Adishesha."

Hanuman went along with them. On the way, Narada told him, "Devi Sita is at his feet, softly massaging them. Lakshmana has changed his head into a thousand umbrellas, giving shade to his brother. Bharata and Shatrughna are shining in Rama's hands as His conch and *chakra*."

On the way, Vishnu's mount (*vahana*), Garuda, met them and escorted them to where the Lord was resting. To Hanuman, the Lord appeared as Rama, and his consort, goddess Lakshmi, appeared as Sita Devi.

Hanuman prostrated before both of them.

"Hanuman! Narada and Tumburu here have a dispute," said Vishnu. "They asked me, of the two who's the better singer? I am not able to give them an answer. I would like you to give them a test and tell me who's the better singer. That's why I sent for you."

"My Lord! What kind of a test is this?" Hanuman bewildered. "You want *me* to judge a music contest? I only know to chant the name of my Lord! I don't have any other knowledge of music. How then can I be a judge, my Lord?"

"Ah! That's the whole trouble, with you, Hanuman," remarked Vishnu.



"You've no idea of your talent, your power, your strength. Someone else has to point them out for you. You've learnt everything from Lord Surya. I know you can sing very well. All right, why don't you sing first?" asked Lord Vishnu, who was fully aware of Hanuman's allround talents.

Hanuman cleared his voice and began to sing. Music flowed from his throat. The tunes came out one after another. Sage Narada stood still. Tumburu forgot himself. Everybody else enjoyed the divine music. It was a string of *ragas*, and the rhythmic pattern changed from one song to another. Huge waves rose in the Ocean of Milk, hitting against each other.

Sage Narada and Tumburu stood before Hanuman, hands folded. When Hanuman's voice rose to a high pitch, the waves rose towards the skies. Adishesha raised his thousand hoods, which began dancing. When Hanuman lowered the pitch, the waves subsided and everything was silent.

Lord Vishnu signalled to Hanuman so that he could stop singing. He then asked Narada and Tumburu to sing. But where were their instruments? They did not know that they had dropped them from their hands. "When you sing, the waves will rise and bring back your instruments," said Lord Vishnu.

They sang, but the waves would not



rise and the two instruments would not surface. Narada and Tumburu both felt ashamed. They had claimed themselves to be uncrowned kings of music. They hung their heads in shame.

Vishnu turned to Hanuman, who now started singing again. Waves rose, and Narada and Tumburu could pick up their *veenas*. Goddess Saraswathi appeared on the scene and said, "All that Hanuman sang will earn fame as Hanuman's songs and become popular with both the educated and the un-educated. All his songs are soul-stirring. That's real music, true music. Narada's music strikes a chord in one's heart, whereas Tumburu's music is lilting and rhythmic. Only when all three - *bhava* (emotion), *raga* (tune), and *tala* (rhythm) - are well balanced will music be real. Hanuman's music is real music. The songs are simple and anybody will be able to sing them."

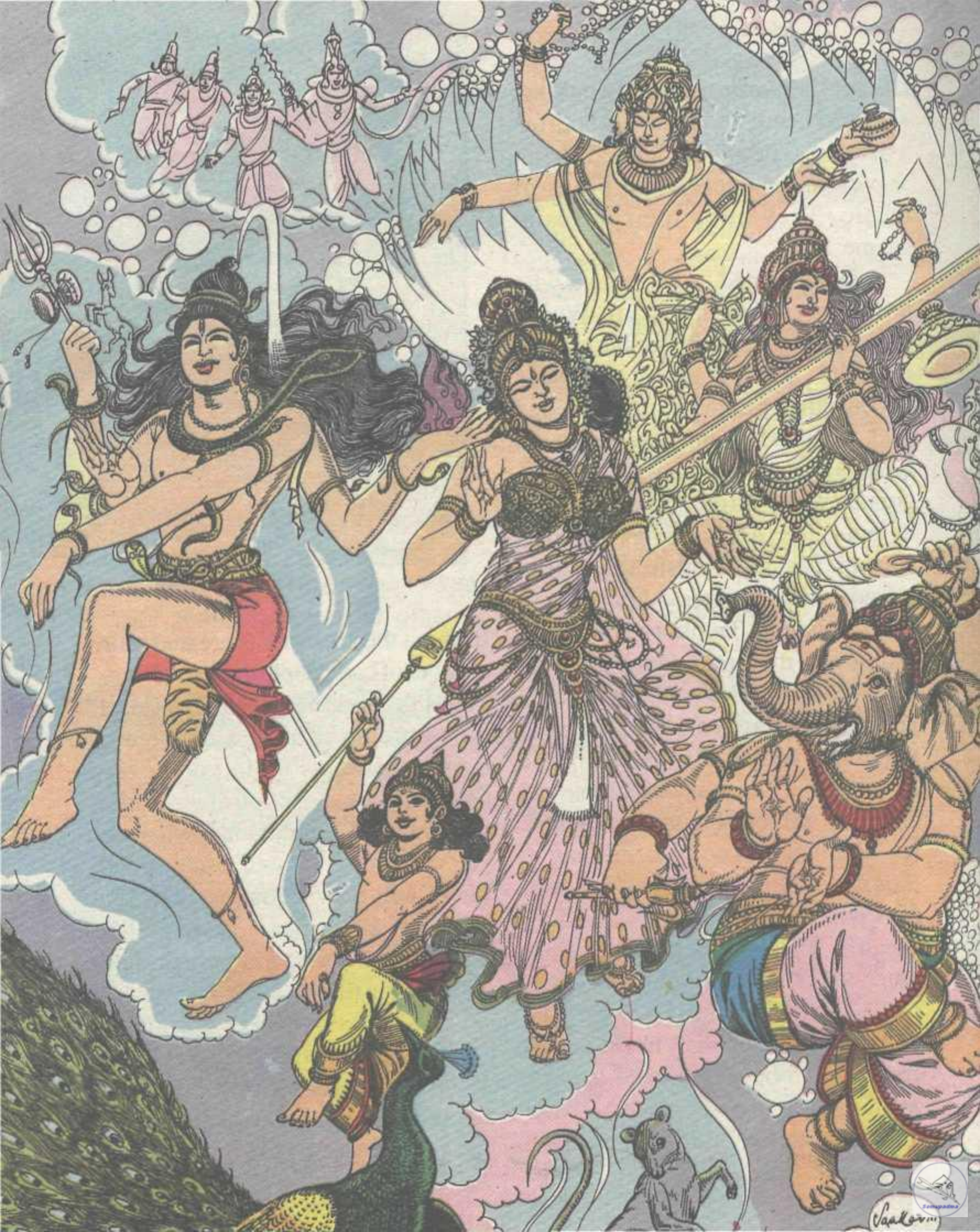
"Hanuman! You've been long at *tapas*," said Lord Brahma. "But your aim was not to achieve anything specific. That kind of meditation has much value. Even if you were to become another Brahma, it won't take you to that state of bliss. In the days to come, you'll be worshipped like the Trimurthis."

Lord Siva said, "Hanuman!



Brahma the creator has created more number of bad people than good ones. That's because he considers himself the Supreme. You're a devotee of Rama and wants to do good every time; only good. As you always think of Rama and Rama alone, whatever you create or grant will also be good. There will be virtuous women like Sita; and affectionate brothers like Lakshmana. You must remain here with Vishnu till you attain that status."

"Yes, what Siva says is correct," agreed Lord Brahma. "If there are two or three good people, then all others can be turned to be good. You must bless the creatures to come into ex-





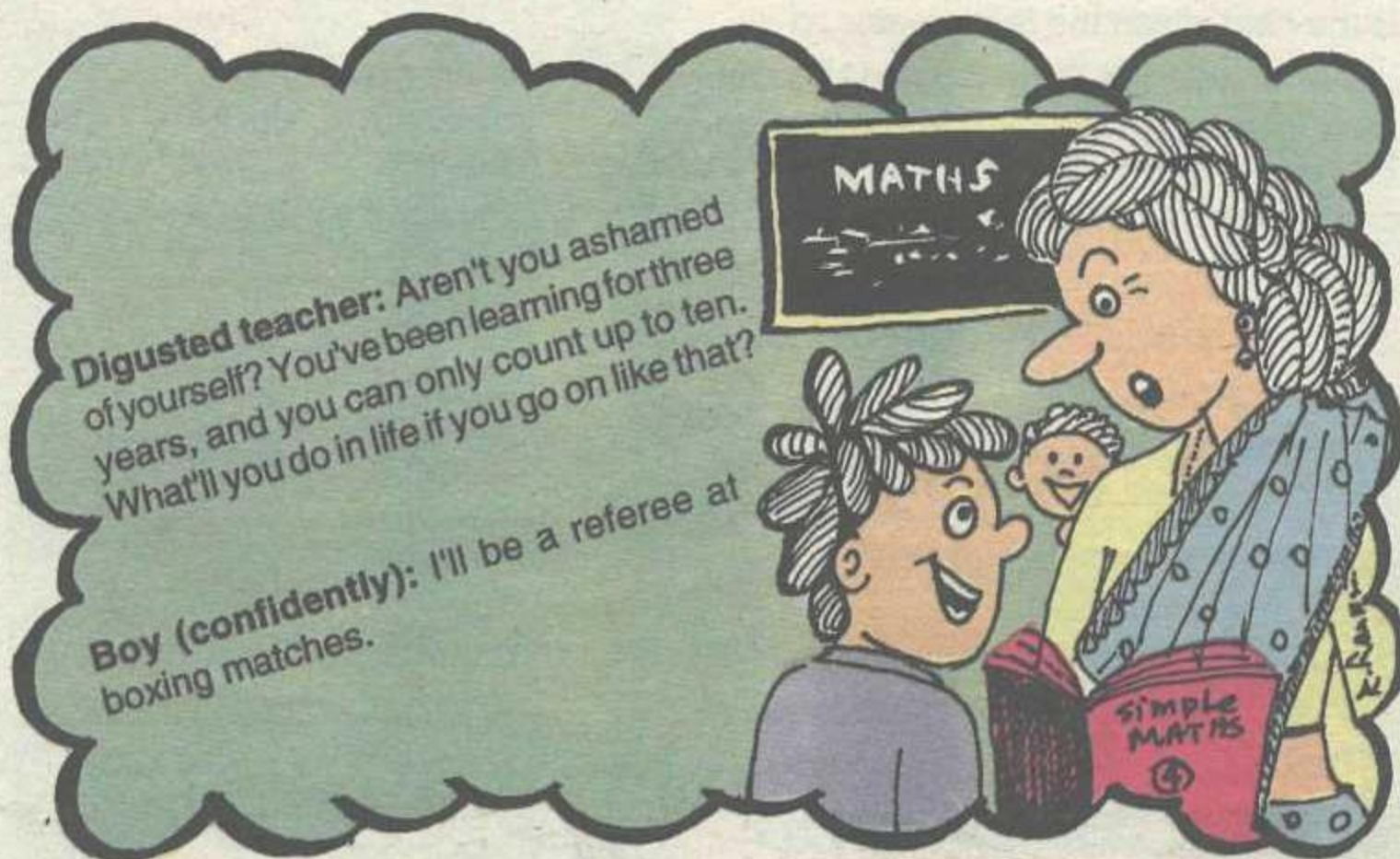
istence in the days that follow."

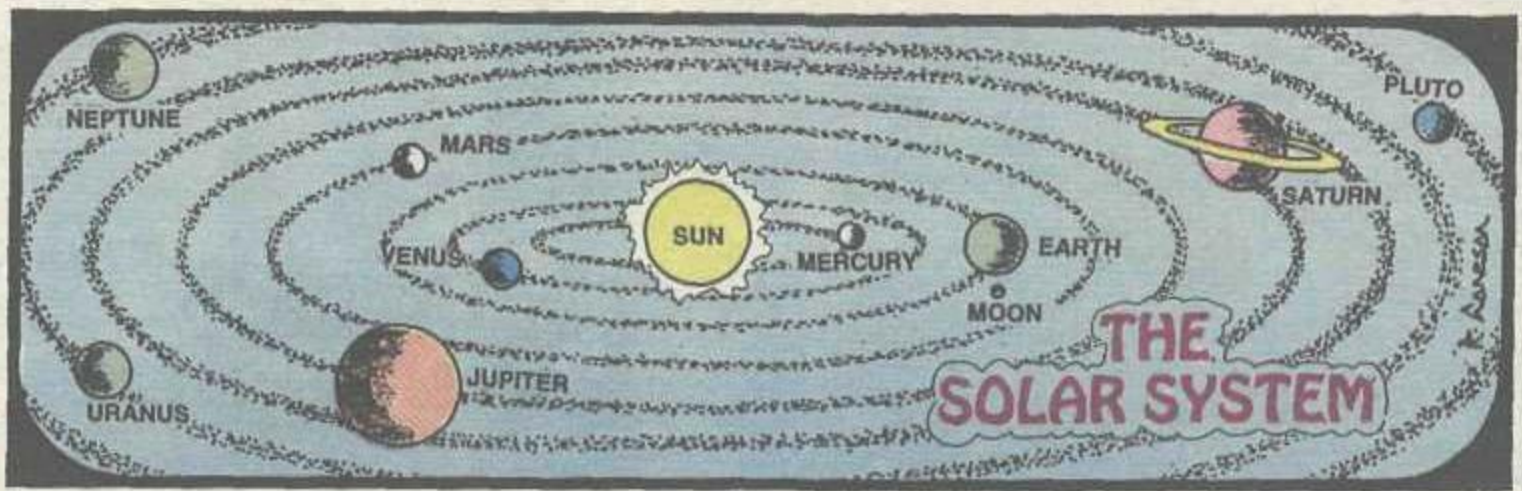
Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva then requested Hanuman to sing again, so that the entire universe would be blessed with happiness and prosperity. He then sang: "Let the one name (Rama) that will bring prosperity be sung again, and again, and again!"

Everybody in Devaloka danced and sang with him.

Hanuman stayed back with Narada, Tumburu, and Garuda in the presence of Lord Vishnu, and continued to worship Vishnu and goddess Lakshmi. Hanuman is immortal!

(Concluded)





OUR HOME – THE EARTH

(In this page, we have already given you some very useful information about different aspects of the earth. From this issue, our focus will shift to the Solar System - telling you about the planets attached to the mighty sun.)

How vast is the universe? To be honest, such a question can never be answered. It is because we normally think in terms of size, extent, length, and breadth. But the universe does not seem to begin at any point and end at any point. It is infinite.

There are countless powerful stars in the universe. One is the Sun. Our Earth, 149 million kilometres away from the Sun, receives from the Sun just the degree of heat which can sustain life. If the earth had been a little farther from the Sun or a bit nearer, life would not have been possible on it. The earth has an atmosphere, rich with oxygen, which facilitates our breathing. We eat different kinds of food. But the most basic food is the heat which the Sun gives.

When was the Earth created? Probably 4,500 or 4,600 million years ago. Since then, it has never stopped circling the Sun. We say, it takes 365 days for it to complete one round. But it will be more accurate if we say, it takes $365\frac{1}{4}$ days to complete one round.



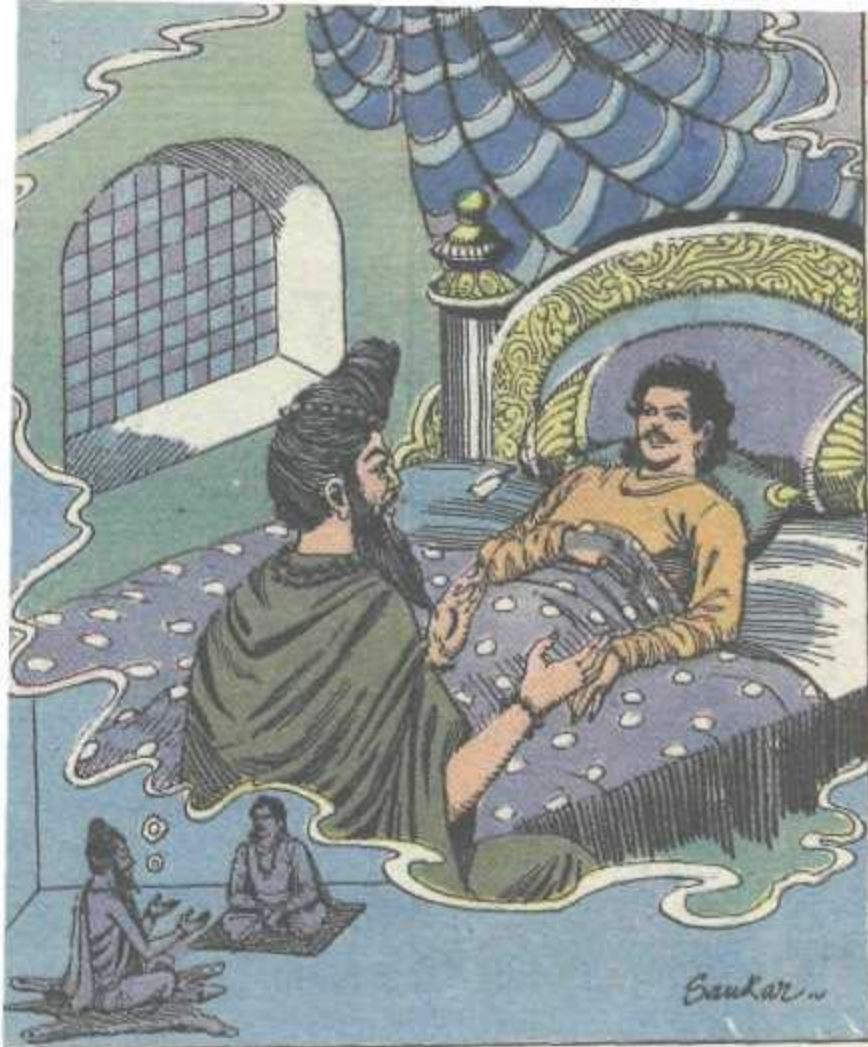
New tales of King Vikram and the Vampire

THE CRYSTAL BALL

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time; gusts of wind shook the trees. Between thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning revealed fearsome faces.

But King Vikramaditya did not swerve a bit. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought down the corpse. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke: "O King! You seem to be making untiring efforts and without respite as if you wish to achieve something. I pity you. Instead of enjoying comfortable sleep on a cozy bed, you're still coming after me. There are people who feel they are clever and powerful and are over confident that they can achieve anything and everything—whether it is easy or difficult. Do you think you can achieve your aim by sheer strength? Then,





you should listen to this story." The vampire then began his narration.

Indumukha was the ruler of Indrapuri once upon a time. One day he went a-hunting. As he went about searching for game, he came upon a hermit's hut deep inside the forest. *Muni Viveksheela* received the king and gave him fruits and drink. The king introduced himself and asked, "O *Muni*! How long have you been residing here?"

"I, too, was once a king, like you," said the *muni*. "I am reaping the whirlwind of my sins. Whatever I did was for the welfare of my subjects, their happiness. I never for-

gave whoever committed any mistake or crime. Those who harassed the people and those who turned traitor were given severe punishment. There was no particular cause for it, but I suddenly fell ill. I was examined by the best physicians in the kingdom, but none was able to diagnose my malady or cure it. It was then that a yogi, on his way back from the Himalayas, reached my kingdom. He called on me and said, 'You've been severe with criminals by giving them the extreme punishment. At least some of them deserved forgiveness. What you're going through now is the result of your sins. The curse will go only if you go to the forest and do penance and atone for your sins.' So, I handed over the kingdom to my brother and went away to the forest. He thought I might, some day, return and ask for the kingdom. So, he sent two of his strong men to kill me. Somehow they still had affection for me and refused to carry out the king's orders. Instead, they killed an animal and went back and showed him the blood-smeared dagger and told him that they had killed me. From then on, I do not stay in one place."

"O *Muni*! If criminals are not severely punished, the number of



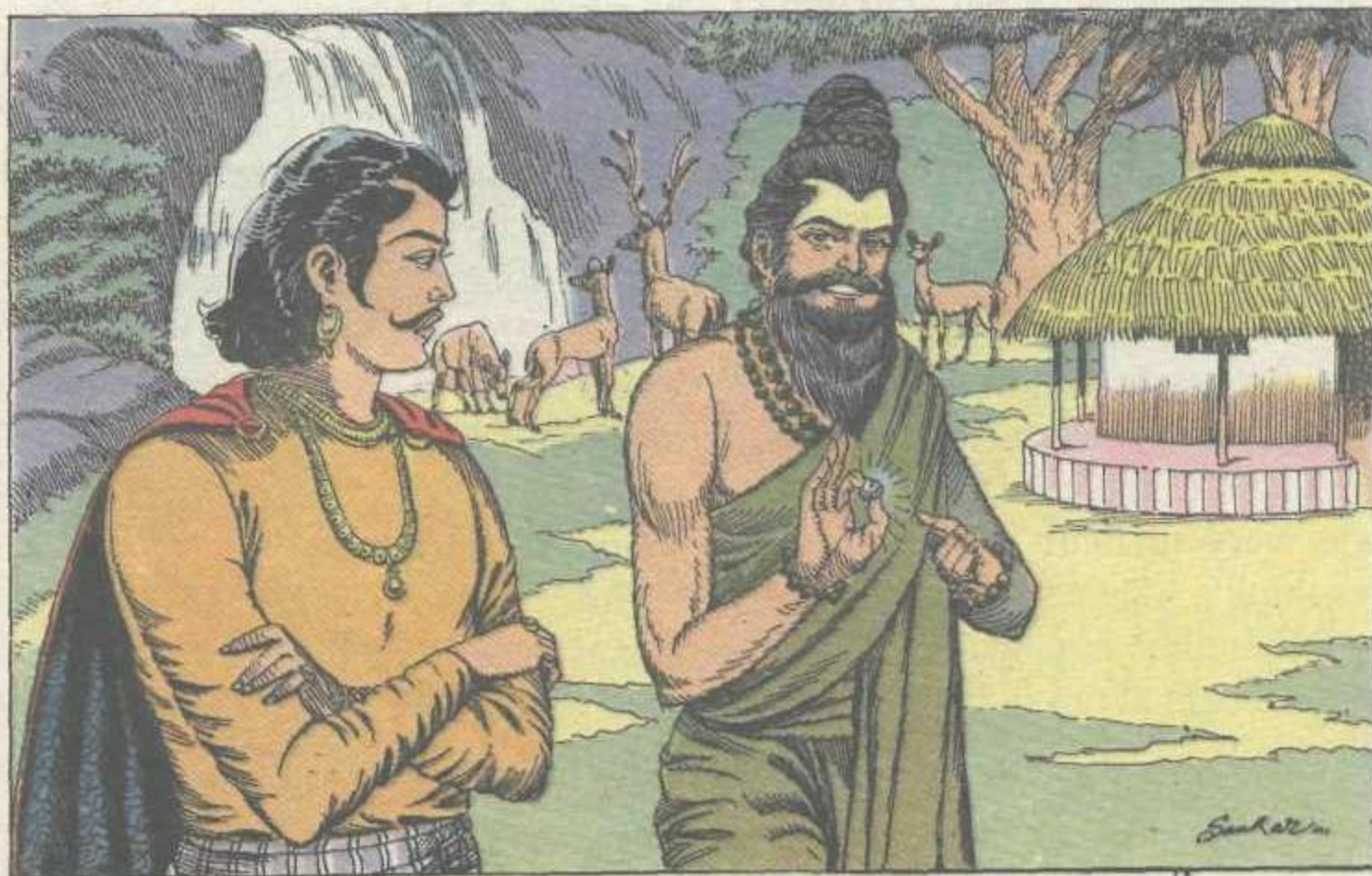
crimes will only increase. Don't you think so? Like you, I too am strict with criminals. Would I also suffer for my sins? Would I also contract the same disease as you suffered from?" asked Indumukha.

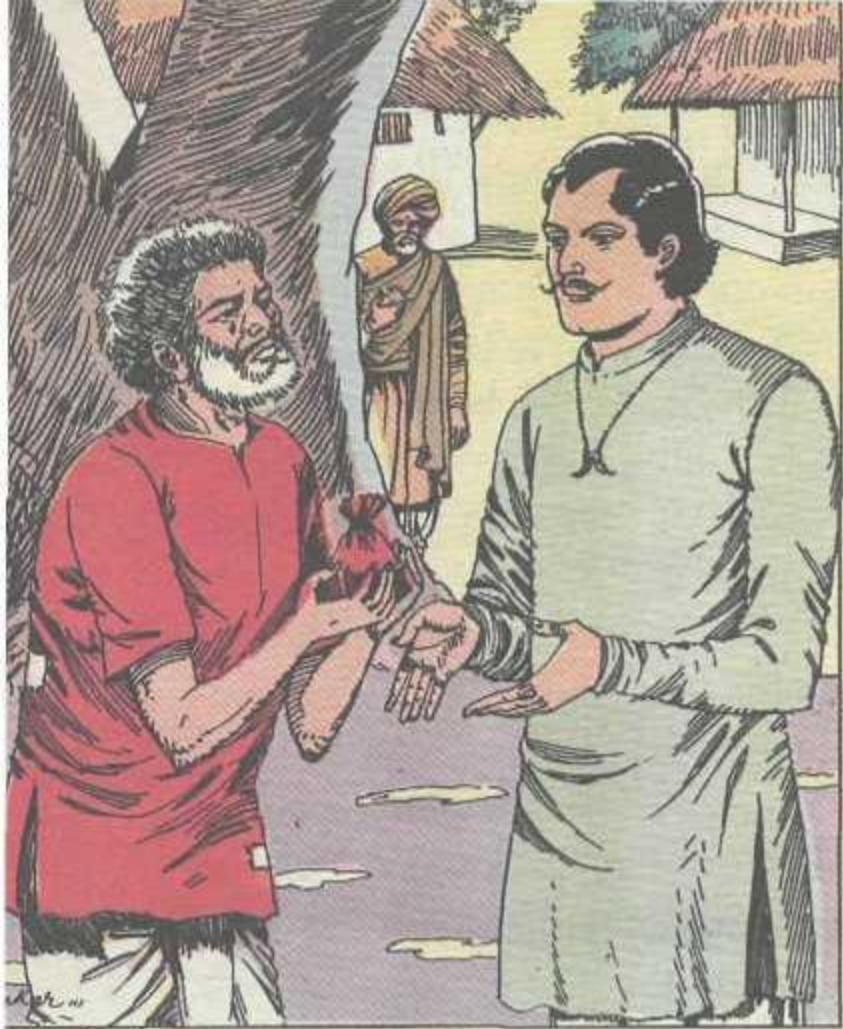
"Everybody need not suffer from the same sins," *muni* Viveksheela pacified him. "You needn't hold such a fear. I shall give you a crystal ball. That'll help you whenever you pass through difficult days." The *muni* took out a crystal ball from his dress and gave it to Indumukha. The king looked at it with fascination.

"I acquired it by the power of my *tapas*," the *muni* explained. "Whenever you punish criminals,

you may watch this crystal ball. If you're fair and impartial, you will find a yellow glow inside. If the punishment is severe, the glow will be red, and if you're lenient, the ball will turn black. So, be careful."

King Indumukha went back to his capital. Till then, the king himself was listening to petitions, dealing with the criminals, and awarding punishments. Indumukha now appointed five judges and asked them to conduct the cases and give him advice, so that he could decide on the manner of punishment. He soon found that the number of criminals brought to him for punishment was fewer, and whenever he gave them





punishment, the crystal ball turned black or red. Not once did he see it put out a yellow glow. The king was in a dilemma.

He had not told anyone of the crystal ball. He began enquiring with learned persons whether a crystal ball was capable of giving any indication if a punishment was fair, severe, or lenient. They could not give him a satisfactory answer. He came to the conclusion that it was very difficult to be fair in reaching a judgement.

Indumukha had made it a practice to roam about in his kingdom incognito. One day, he saw a

strange sight. Someone looking like a very poor person was handing over a money-bag to a well dressed person, apparently rich. The poor man really looked distressed.

The king suspected that the well-to-do person was harassing the poor man. He approached them. "What's happening here? Why did you give money to him?" he asked.

"He's a rich person," the man replied. "I've been making some savings for many years. I'm handing it over to him because I am in great need of his help now."

"What kind of help do you want from him?" queried the king.

"I've four sons," explained the poor man. "One day, a *sanyasi* came home and he happened to talk to them. Before he went away, he told me that one of them would become an intellectual and that I should give him education. Later I realised that I did not ask him who among the four he was referring to. I don't have the wherewithal to give education to all of them. So, I am seeking this person's help to tell me whom I should send to school."

Indumukha simply took the money-bag from him and gave it back to the poor man. "I shall help you. Let's go to your place.



When they reached the poor man's house, they saw that the four boys were making a figure out of clay, and telling each other that they could take the doll to the market and sell it for a good price. Suddenly, a boy from next door rushed there and spoiled the doll, and ran away. But the four together managed to catch hold of him and discussed what punishment should be given to him. The king watched the proceedings with great interest.

He took the crystal ball out and kept it in his hand. He then went to the eldest boy and asked him. "What punishment would *you* give him?"

"A hundred whiplashes," the boy

replied. "Only then will he learn a lesson." The crystal ball turned red.

The king posed the question to the second son. "The doll that *he* has made must be damaged. Then we'll get even with him," replied the boy. The red glow remained.

The third son said, "We'll ask him to make a doll like this and then we'll damage it." The ball turned black.

The fourth son told the king, "By punishing him, we won't get back our doll; he must be made to realise his mischief, so that he won't repeat his crime again." The crystal ball now turned yellow.

Indumukha realised that the fourth boy showed all promise of becom-



ing a wise man. He then revealed his identity to the poor man and told him that he would arrange for the boy's education. He took the boy with him to the palace and saw to it that his brothers and parents were well looked after.

The vampire concluded the story there and turned to King Vikramaditya. "O King! Punishment according to the law of the land will undergo changes when changes take place in society also. Punishment is a weapon wielded by rulers. But they are guided by their whims and fancies. Therefore, one set of punishment given by a judge may not be appropriate at a later time. So, don't you think the crystal ball with King Indumukha could not be depended upon? If you know the answer but decide not to give me a reply, beware, your head will be blown to pieces."

Vikram thought for a while and

said, "King Indumukha was keen to know whether the punishment he meted out was fair and correct. He was also desirous of changing with the times. That's why he was happy when he got the crystal ball from the *muni*. The ball was not capable of suggesting the punishment; it could only say whether the punishment was correct or not, according to law. People sitting in judgement need not be correct every time; they can err in their decision, especially when they become emotional, and award a severe punishment or even a lenient one. The crystal ball could indicate this. Indumukha was invariably lenient, but he never let off a criminal."

The vampire realised that the king had outwitted him once again and flew back to the ancient tree carrying the corpse with him. Vikramaditya drew his sword and went after the vampire.



The Princess's Choice

King Atmaveera was looking for a suitor for Princess Amrita. He thought, the easiest way would be to hold a test. Much to his surprise, two princes, Jaya and Vijaya, succeeded equally in the test. He then suggested that the princess should take a lot.

Somehow Atmaveera had a special liking for Vijaya, while Amrita had really been drawn to Jaya. The king decided to play a trick. He wrote the name of Vijaya in both slips! However, the princess came to know about this.

At the *darbar* the next day, the king shuffled the two slips well, and asked Amrita to pick one, and spell out the name written on it.

The princess picked one of the slips, looked at the name, and said, coyly: "Father, I feel shy to mention the name of the one who's going to become my husband. So, please read the name on the other slip."

Atmaveera was in a fix, because the second slip, too, carried the name of Vijaya. He could not avoid reading out the name. Vijaya was eliminated. The king arranged for the wedding of Amrita with Prince Jaya.



CHILDREN IN THE NEWS

GIRL-FLYERS

We have heard of women pilots who fly passenger planes. India, too, can boast of women pilots. But girls between 9 and 12 years taking to the skies—that, too, solo? The adventures of three such girls were reported re-

cently. The youngest of them is 9-year-old Rachel Carter. In April, she took off from Ramora, in California, U.S.A., on a cross-country flight and returned safely—the youngest pilot to do so.

Eleven-year-old Katrina Mumaw's distinction is, she flew a MiG-29, Russia's fastest fighter jet. In the U.S.A., civilians are not permitted to fly fighter planes. So, Katrina went all the way to Russia to fulfil her dream. Papa Jim sold his car and borrowed money to meet the expenditure on his daughter's trip to Russia in July. Because of her enthusiasm, the MiG manufacturers offered her two flight sessions at a discount. She flew unassisted, though she was accompanied by an instructor as per regulations. She took the jet up, enjoyed some loops, broke the sound barrier, and became the youngest person ever to fly a Russian military jet. This 6th Grader from Lancaster, California, began flying when she was 8; she hopes to become an astronaut one day.

Also from the U.S.A. is 12-year-old Vicki Van Meter, who "flew into record books" by becoming the youngest fe-





male pilot to cross the Atlantic Ocean. She flew "Harmony"—a Cessna-210—to Glasgow, Scotland, in June last.

ANOTHER RAMANUJAN?

Every student has heard of the mathematical genius, Ramanujan. They might also have heard of the "Ramanujan Number"—1729—which according to him is the smallest numeral that can be written in two different ways. Using the equation $x^3 + y^3$, he found that 1729 can be arrived at as $12^3 + 1^3$ and $10^3 + 9^3$. Now comes Jayadev, a student of a college in Kerala, who has established that the smallest number that can be written in two different ways using the equation $x^4 + y^4$ is 635318657. He worked this out as $158^4 + 59^4$ and $134^4 + 138^4$. Jayadev's teachers feel that the boy has gone a step ahead of Ramanujan. He is also credited with preparing a number-

square with a grid of 9 to arrive at the total of 1367631 in every grid across or down as well as diagonal, and another 25-grid square where each grid adds up to 11 22 33 33 22 11. Take a good look at these two numbers: They read the same in the reverse order as well!

"GANITHA BHASKARA"

Just back from the U.S.A., after a victorious tour of over 20 cities, is 14-year-old Thumma Kranti Kiran, a 10th class student of Paloncha, in



Khammam District of Andhra Pradesh. It was the World Telugu Congress in San Francisco, which invited him to the

U.S.A. to exhibit his skill. "Memory power is my major strength," claims Kranti Kiran, who then goes on memorising a 50-digit number just by hearing it and repeating it from the first digit to the 50th and vice versa—all in a few seconds. such "photo-memory" enables him to do this uncanny exercise even with 150 and 200-digit numbers. "It's god's gift," he adds modestly. Take a date like this: Saturday, August 20, 1994, which has four details: day, month, date, and year. If he is given any three, he will come out with the fourth within one second, and this he can do for any year from A.D. 1 to *ad infinitum*! Give him two 5-digit numbers and ask him to multiply them, he will give the answer in a minute and in a single line. One can prepare a whole list of computations he is capable of. Small wonder, then, that he was presented with the title "Ganitha Bhaskara". Born in a rural area to parents who have had not much of an education, Kranti Kiran is nothing less than a prodigy. His hobby is reading—mostly books on mathematics—and he loves to play chess, carrom, and shuttle.

YOUNGEST AT U.N. GROUP

Gemma Travill is the youngest person ever to address a committee of the United Nations. This 15-year-old student of Kingsthorpe School, in Northampton, England, was invited to address the U.N. Working Group on Contemporary Forms of Slavery in May. The committee realised that in the 18 years of its existence, it had not spoken to a single child on the children's rights. Gemma's school project on the subject drew the attention of the group called Action for Children Campaign, which took it up with the U.N. committee.

Gemma and two other teenagers were invited, she being the youngest of the three. They all then went to Geneva on an 8-day trip.

A BOY-VYASA FROM BRINDAVAN

Would anybody associate a 15-year-old with a full-length religious discourse, that too for seven days at one stretch? Well, this did happen in Madras in August, when Harisharan Upadhyay, of Brindavan, U.P., delivered seven discourses on *Bhagavatam* (story of



Krishna). Harisharan is known as "Balavyas" (it was Maharshi Vyasa who authored *The Mahabharata*), and people also call him 'Pandit'. He gave his first talk on *Bhagavatam* when he was only 5. The recent series in Madras was his 53rd discourse on *Bhagavatam*. Incidentally, it was in Brindavan that Krishna spent his childhood.

Criterion

Zamindar Kailaspati was a patron of poets and musicians. He once announced a competition for poets, and promised a title and an award to the winner.

The contest started. Several poets recited their poems. There was a jury of eminent literateurs of the land. They found the poems of seventy-year-old Ekanath and twenty-year-old Dinanath of a very high order and carrying deep thoughts. The judges were really in a dilemma. So, they left the decision to the zamindar himself.

Kailaspati had no difficulty in making a choice. He handed the title and a heavy purse to Ekanath. After everybody had departed, the zamindar's dewan went up to him. "Sire, you should have encouraged the younger Dinanath, instead of the ageing Ekanath."

"Dinanath is still young and he'll have plenty of opportunities to participate in more contests in the years to come," explained Kailaspat. "But how're we certain that Ekanath will be alive and participate in another competition? Let him have the satisfaction and happiness that he won a title and an award when he was alive."



SPORTS SNIPPETS

Grand Slam

Sally Gunnell, of Britain, has become the first woman to hold the World, Olympic, Commonwealth, and European titles in the same event (400m hurdles) at the same time. This she achieved on August 12, at the European Championships in Helsinki. She clocked the year's fastest time of 53.33 seconds, which however was six-tenths of a second outside her world record of 52.74 seconds. She might have improved the timing if only there had been someone to "push" her—like Sandra Farmer-Patrick, of the U.S.A. had done in Stuttgart, Germany, a year ago when Sally created the world record. In Helsinki, she felt she was "running a private race", without anyone offering her a challenge. Among men athletes, Linford Christie and Daley Thompson, both of Britain, have the distinction of holding four titles in the same event at the same time.

60th World Record



On July 22, William Sigei broke the world record in 10,000 metres in the Bislett Games held in Oslo. The 24-year-old Kenyan ran the race in 26 min. 52.23 seconds. The record (26:58.38) till then stood in the name of Yobes Ondieki, also of Kenya. In the Bislett Games last year, Sigei came second, after Ondieki. The two Kenyans are the only athletes to break the 27-minute barrier. It was the 60th world record in 10,000 metres since the event was first held in 1924. In 1949, Emil Zatopek, of Czechoslovakia, established a world record (29:28.2), which was broken the same year by Viljo Heino, of Finland (29:27.2). In less than two months, Zatopek made another world record (29:21.2), and broke it himself in 1950, 1953, and 1954 (28:54.2). Three other Kenyans—Samson Kimobwa, Henry Rono, and Richard Chelimo—broke the prevailing records in 1977, 1978, and 1993—the

last one clocking 27:07.91 seconds. That was the 19th world record since Zatopek's in 1949. Sigei, too, remarked that he had no real pacesetters to help him, adding: "Though it wasn't difficult when I was alone!" unlike Sally Gunnell.

Opening Day Records

Probably it was also a record of sorts! Four world records were bettered on the opening day of the Goodwill Games in St. Petersburg, Russia, on July 23. And all of them were made in weightlifting! Three of the four were made by Sergei Syrzstov (28), of Russia, in the snatch, clean, and jerk events. The fourth came from Andrei Chemerkin in snatch in the 108 kg class. Weighing 147 kg, this 'giant' is known as the *world's strongest man*.

Asia's strongest woman

In 1988, India's Sumita Laha (W. Bengal) earned the title "Strongest Woman of Asia", after she became the Asian champion in powerlifting. Since then, she has changed over to weightlifting. In powerlifting, this 25-year-old holds five world records—a feat recognised by the Guinness Book of Records. She has her eyes set on the forthcoming Asian Games in Hiroshima.

17th, Yet Not Satisfied!

The name Sergei Bubka, of Ukraine, has become synonymous with world records. For the 17th time, he created a new record in pole vault by clearing 6.14 metres, at an international meet in Sestriere, in Italy, on July 31. This was a "slow" record, in the sense he took two years to wipe his own world record (6.13m) set in Tokyo. Slow because, he had taken only one month to better (5.88m) his first record (5.83m) made on May 26, 1984. Yet another record in the next month, and a fourth one a year later. He crossed 6m in 1986, and reached 6.13m in June 1992. When we go on wondering how the pole turns into a magic wand in his hands, do you know what *he* himself feels? He says, the best is yet to come! And his best is somewhere between 6.20 and 6.30 metres! Bubka has crossed 30 years. The question is: Will he? Can he?



For your scrap-book

- Noureddine Morceli, of Algeria, created a new world record in 3,000 metres on August 2 at the IAAF Grand Prix in Monaco. His time of 7:25.11 seconds was nearly 4 seconds better than Moses Kiptanui's 7:28.96 set in Cologne in 1992. He already holds the world records in 1,500 metres and 1 mile events.

- Sonia O'Sullivan, of Ireland, ran 2,000 metres in 5 min. 25.36 seconds at the TSB Challenge Meet in Edinburgh, bettering 5:28.69 set by Maricica Puica of Romania in London in 1986. Incidentally, this event, though recognised by the International Fed-

eration, is rarely included in some of the popular world meets.

- Marina Pluzhnikova, of Russia, set a world record (16:11.84 seconds) in women's 2,000 metre steeplechase at the Goodwill Games on July 26. The previous best (16:14.52) was made by Svetlana Rogova, also of Russia, in 1992. By the way, this event is *not* recognised by the IAAF for world record purposes!



LEAVES FROM THE LIVES OF THE GREAT

A Collection that led to 'Selection'!

Erasmus Darwin was a medical doctor of high repute. He was appointed physician to King George III, but he refused the offer, for, he feared he might not get enough time to pursue his hobbies - as a naturalist, a poet, and a philosopher. Son Robert Darwin was a successful doctor. He naturally wished that his son, Charles, took up the family profession, and so sent him to study medicine. He was hardly 19 at that time. The story goes that he was among the students watching an operation being performed. Those days, anaesthesia was unknown. The patient on the operating table went on screaming. Charles could not bear it, and fainted. He fainted on another occasion, too. That was the end of his medical studies.

As a boy, Charles (1809-1882) had a fancy for collecting all sorts of odd things - pebbles, rocks, and shells; beetles and bird's eggs. He continued this hobby even when he was at Cambridge University where he was sent to become a clergyman. Two professors there, who could appreciate his interest in natural history, took him along whenever they went on botanical expeditions.

At that time, the British Government wished that an exact map of the world be prepared so that they could consider the possibilities of

starting more colonies. A ship was got ready for the purpose. Captain Fitz Roy of *H.M.S Beagle* was looking for a naturalist to go with him on board, and approached one of the professors to suggest a suitable person. He could not think of anybody other than Charles Darwin. But his father was against what he called "a pleasure trip". Charles went to his uncle to prevail upon his father who, then, relented.

For the budding naturalist, this expedition determined his career and future. On board, he earned a nickname - flycatcher! He collected all kinds of specimens - from fossils to insects. By the time, the *Beagle* returned in about five years, Charles's collection had become famous.

He noted every detail of his study in a diary, which was published a hundred years later by his granddaughter - *Charles Darwin's Diary of the Voyage of HMS Beagle*. The most important of all his works, however, is *On the Origin of the Species by Natural Selection*.

Till then, people had believed that it was God who created all living beings. But Darwin came out with his finding that life has evolved - whether it be a plant, animal, or human being. People were aghast. "Have we descended from monkeys?" they asked him. Some even suggested that the book be burnt.





What is the meaning of Khasis?

—Padma Charan Jena, Motta

Khasi is the name of a hill tribe in Assam.

Parts of Comet Shoemaker-Levy recently fell on planet Jupiter. Do we expect any danger to Earth?

—S.V. Abul Barkaath, Navelim

The collision is reported to have released a lot of heat around Jupiter, but this is not expected to spread to Earth in the near future. However, scientists are yet to come out with their full findings on this celestial event. They are still analysing the impact with the help of the photographs of the collision.

Who is the author of Gandhiji's favourite prayer, *Vaishnava jana to*?

—Sanjeeb Kumar Tripathy, Madipara

It was written by the Gujarati poet Narsi Mehta, also known as Narsi Bhagat, who lived in the 17th century.

What is the difference between audience and spectators?

—Sushanta Kumar Biswal, Khurda

People watching a cricket match and similar games and sports, or a balloon mela, or a kite festival are called spectators. Those watching a movie in a theatre, listening to a music recital in an auditorium, watching a dance performance or listening to a speech in a hall are called an audience. A crowd listening to a political leader in an open ground also constitute an audience. They are *not* spectators, as they are not watching any "spectacle". Only a few examples have been mentioned here to bring out the difference in meaning.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



S.G. SESHAGIRI



S.G. SESHAGIRI

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 100/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The prize for July '94 goes to :-
Mr. J. Venkateshwar
7/B, C.G.E. Colony
Thiruvannamipur, Madras - 600041.

The winning entry : "Great Expectation" "Simple Satisfaction"

PICKS FROM THE WISE

Fate bows to the man who defies it.

- Ramathirtha

A living dog is better than a dead lion.

- Old Testament

My home is everywhere; I am in search of it. My country is in all countries; I will struggle to attain it.

- Tagore

THE MOST ENDEARING GIFT YOU CAN THINK OF
FOR YOUR NEAR AND DEAR WHO IS FAR AWAY

CHANDAMAMA



**Give him the magazine in the language of his choice—
Assamese, Bengali, English, Gujarati, Hindi, Kannada,
Malayalam, Marathi, Oriya, Sanskrit, Tamil or Telugu
—and let him enjoy the warmth of home away from home.**

Subscription Rates (Yearly)

AUSTRALIA, JAPAN, MALAYSIA & SRI LANKA

By Sea mail Rs. 105.00 By Air mail Rs. **252.00**

**FRANCE, SINGAPORE, U.K., U.S.A.,
WEST GERMANY & OTHER COUNTRIES**

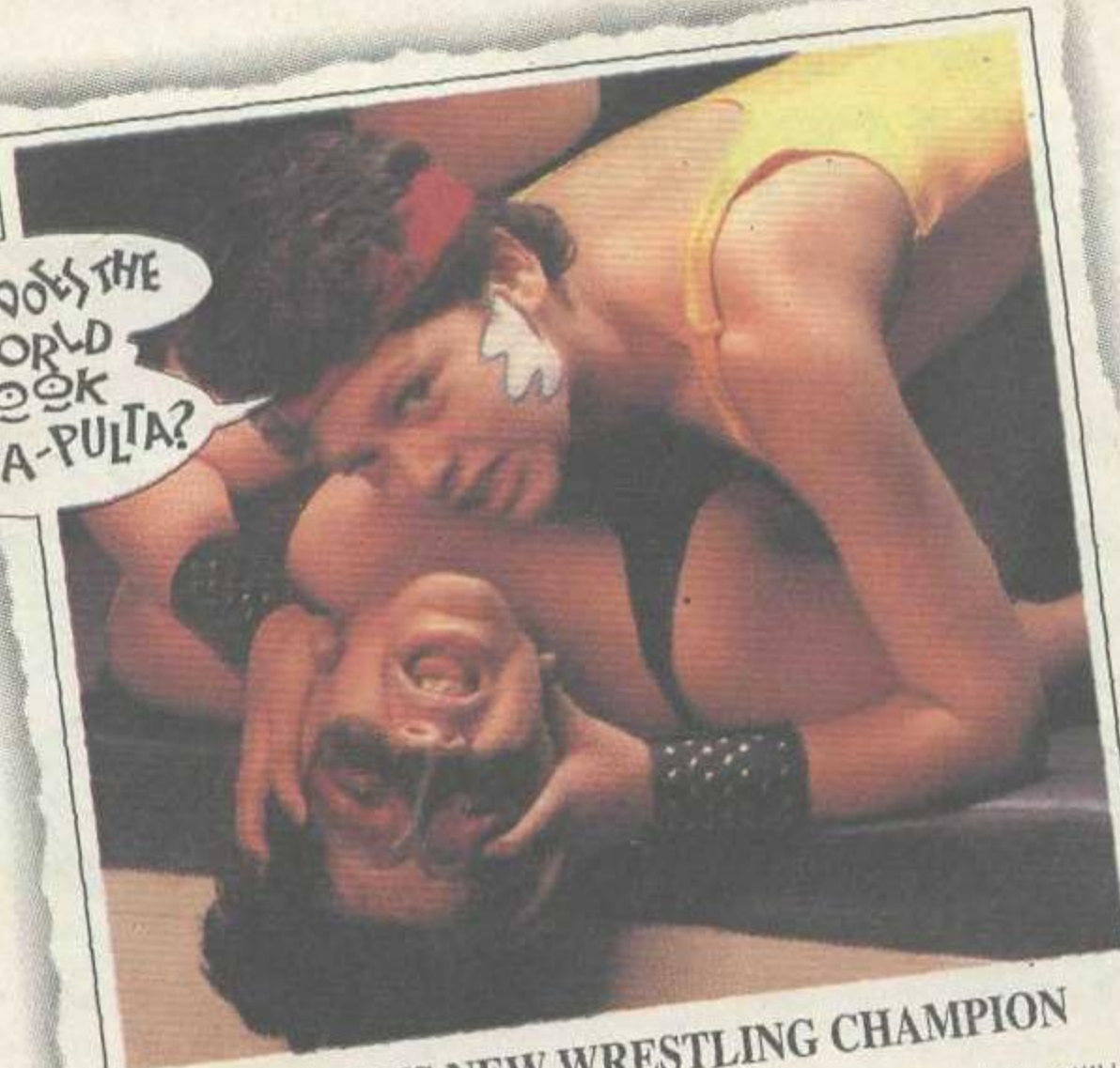
By Sea mail Rs. 111.00 By Air mail Rs. **252.00**

Send your remittance by Demand Draft or Money Order favouring
'Chandamama Publications' to:

CIRCULATION MANAGER **CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS** CHANDAMAMA BUILDINGS
VADAPALANI MADRAS 600 026



HOW DOES THE
WORLD
LOOK
ULTRA-PULTA?



SUPER M IS NEW WRESTLING CHAMPION

By our special correspondent
Bombay, August 1994: "Ha !
finally he's tasted my super
strength", roared Super M
after he pinned Slippery
Sultan to the mat for a 3 count

to become the new Wrestling
Champion. He victoriously
pulled out a pack of Super
Milk biscuits and crunched
into one. With a wink he told
his fans, "Luckily he didn't

know about Super Milk's
super strength and super taste.
Or else..." and he winked
again. He continued, "Next
time he better be prepared...
Challenge Ke Saath!"

CHALLENGE KE SAATH!



PARLE

SUPER STRENGTH. SUPER TASTE. SUPER MILK BISCUITS.

